JULY 1960

Commentary

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Jacob Robinson develops what seems to me a strong argument for Israel's claim under international law to jurisdiction in the Eichmann case. Though it is reassuring to know that such an argument can in fact be made (many people have assumed quite as a matter of course that it couldn't), I do not believe that the legal technicalities are or even should be the determining factor here. Dr. Robinson seems to think that trying Eichmann before an international tribunal would present the fewest moral and legal problems; on the other hand, he points out, an international trial would inevitably involve a whole complex of difficult, perhaps insuperable, practical problems. It has so far proved impossible to set up a permanent international criminal court under the auspices of the UN—Israel's persistent efforts to get such a court established may indicate that she anticipated a situation of this kind and hoped to avoid falling into it—while to convene an *ad hoc* tribunal would mean a further series of interminable negotiations with no guarantee of ultimate success. (The United States itself, for example, might conceivably resist the formation of an *ad hoc* court for fear that the Russians would use it as a forum for attacking the Adenauer regime.) As for the abduction, one may deplore it while at the same time recognizing that, had the Israelis attempted to follow regular extradition procedures, not only might Argentina have refused to honor Israel's claim to jurisdiction, but she might also have failed to extradite Eichmann altogether, as she has failed to extradite Klingenfuss and Mengele.

In any event, Eichmann is now in Israel and it is most unlikely that he will be returned to Argentina or surrendered to any other jurisdiction, whether national or international. Ben Gurion is on record as believing that "historic justice" demands that the man who organized the mass murder of Jews be tried by the only sovereign power in world Jewry. Now, we are so jaded by the use of phrases like "historic justice" that we are in danger of interpreting this as mere rhetoric and being led to search for more "realistic" motives to explain why Ben Gurion insists on having Eichmann tried in Israel. One anti-Zionist writer, for instance, has already suggested that the true reason for Ben Gurion's insistence is that he thinks Eichmann's trial will serve to counteract criticism of his "pro-German policy" and give the country an "ideological shot in the arm." But to me it seems that "historic justice" is a precise description of what is involved in the question of jurisdiction. Since Eichmann's job was specifically concerned with murdering Jews, his crimes can more accurately be defined as "crimes against the Jewish people" (which the 1950 Israel law that he is to be tried under considers—and rightly—a subdivision of "crimes against humanity") than as crimes against the international community in general. Anyone who fears that by trying Eichmann Israel would be pretending to speak for Jews in other countries ought to consider that Israel does at least have the right to speak for those Jews who were the actual victims of Nazi persecution. As Dr. Robinson points out, no less than 300,000 survivors of that persecution now live in Israel.

Should Eichmann be executed? A few weeks ago, in a letter to the New York *Times,* Professor Edmond Cahn of the New York University Law School,

[*continued on page 92*]

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Eichmann & the Question of Jurisdiction

JACOB ROBINSON

THE recent capture of Adolf Eichmann has raised a good many questions in the public mind, some of them involving what might be called matters of policy and others touching on issues of international law. In this article, I propose to examine only the question of whether Israel can, under international law, rightfully claim jurisdiction in the case, and to omit all consideration of the policy aspects—for example, the question of whether, instead of holding him for trial, it would be wiser for Israel to return Eichmann to Argentina, or perhaps surrender him to the West German authorities (assuming they were willing to accept jurisdiction). I shall also omit discussing the manner of Eichmann's capture. The fact that Eichmann may have been forcibly removed from Argentina by Israeli agents has by itself no bearing on Israel's *right* to bring him to trial. There is nothing in international penal law which would deny jurisdiction to a state because regular extradition procedures were not followed or because, in "hot pursuit" of a wrongdoer, the domestic law of a country was violated. Whether or not Israel would have been *wiser* to follow such procedures is again a question of policy. (Here, however, one might observe that repeated UN appeals to all nations for the surrender of war criminals residing therein have remained unheeded by Argentina. In addition, the experience with regular extradition procedures where Argentina is concerned has proved most discouraging, as with Karl Klingenfuss and Dr. Josef Mengele, who have still not been returned to West Germany despite a series of requests from the Bonn government.)

Is there, then, a sound legal basis on which Israel can claim the right to try Eichmann? One objection that has been raised is that the crimes attributed to Eichmann were not committed on Israeli soil. This objection is not valid, since, contrary to popular belief, there exist no accepted rules of international law governing the penal competence of national courts; nor are the various national laws

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uniform. According to some local statutes, only crimes committed on the territory of the particular state are subject to its jurisdiction ("territoriality principle"). Other states hold that their courts are competent to deal with defendants who are their own nationals, no matter where the crime may have been committed ("active nationality principle"); still others extend this principle to cases in which their own nationals are the victims ("passive nationality principle"). Finally, there have always been particular crimes, like piracy, where the principle of universality was applied on the argument that the wrongdoers were *hostes generis humani* (enemies of the human race)—a principle surely applicable to the organizer of an international campaign of genocide.

THE crimes of which Eichmann is accused are crimes against international law. In the Nuremberg Judgment of October 1, 1946 (*France, U.S.S.R., U.K., and U.S.A. vs. Goering and Others*), Eichmann's name figured prominently along with such other non-defendants as Hitler, Himmler, and Goebbels. The judgment specified that "in the summer of 1941 . . . plans were made for the 'final solution' of the Jewish question in Europe. This 'final solution' meant the extermination of the Jews, which early in 1939 Hitler had threatened would be one of the consequences of an outbreak of war, and a special section in the Gestapo under Adolf Eichmann, as head of Section IV B4 of the Gestapo, was formed to carry out the policy. . . . Adolf Eichmann . . . has estimated that the policy pursued resulted in the killing of 6 million Jews, of which 4 million were killed in the extermination institutions. . . ." The Tribunal further indicated that Eichmann's section was specifically charged "with responsibility for Jewish matters" and "employed its own agents to investigate the Jewish problem in occupied territory." Though Eichmann was not present at Nuremberg, the criminal nature of his organization was recognized by the Tribunal when it said: "In dealing with the Gestapo the Tribunal includes all executive and administrative officials of Amt IV of the RSHA or concerned with Gestapo administration in other departments of the RSHA." These activities of Eichmann clearly fall under the provisions of Article 6 (c) of the Chapter of the Nuremberg Tribunal, which was nothing but a codification of customary international penal law, or the "common law of mankind." Article 6 (c) reads as follows:

> Crimes against humanity: namely, murder, extermination, enslavement, deportation, and other inhumane acts committed against any civilian population, before or during the war, or persecution on political, racial or religious grounds. . . .

Moreover, the principles of international law recognized by the Nuremberg Charter and the judgment of the Nuremberg Tribunal were affirmed in a unanimous resolution by the General Assembly of the United Nations on December 11, 1946, and reaffirmed in another resolution passed four years later. The same principles are embodied in the Genocide Convention and in the Draft Code of Offenses against Peace and Security of Mankind prepared by the International Law Commission of the United Nations. Even neutral states (like Switzerland and the Vatican) and former enemy states (the Federal Republic of Germany) accepted these principles, at least by implication.*

As crimes against international law, the crimes attributed to Eichmann are subject—on the principle of *hostes generis humani*—to universal repression. So long as there is no international criminal jurisdiction, the defendants in such cases may be prosecuted and tried in *any* country without regard to the actual locale of the crimes themselves. Israel can therefore claim jurisdiction by virtue of being a member of the international community, and in this connection need not pretend

* See the 1951 Convention Relating to the Status of Refugees, Art. 1 F (a).

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to speak for Jews living in other countries.

But is there any sound legal basis for contending that, in the absence of an international tribunal, Israel is the *best* place for Eichmann to be tried? In my opinion several strong points can be made to support such a contention. The rationale of the "territoriality principle" mentioned above is that the locale of the crime offers the best possibilities for investigation: the *corpus delicti* is there, the witnesses are there, all the evidence is there. From this point of view, Israel is surely the best possible place for trying Eichmann. There are in Israel no less than 300,000 survivors of the Nazi extermination policy, the greatest concentration of potential witnesses anywhere. The most extensive documentation of the Nazi extermination policy is also to be found in Israel, where at least three different research institutes have been collecting and organizing the relevant material for years. In claiming jurisdiction, then, Israel can appeal to the basic reasoning underlying the "territoriality principle." Similarly, it can appeal to the substance of the "passive nationality principle" on the ground that it shelters more surviving victims of Nazi terror than any other country: the Malben institutions throughout the country (which provide shelter, care, and medical help to thousands of "hard core" victims of Nazi persecution still in need of rehabilitation) bear pathetic witness to this fact. And finally, Eichmann had nothing to do with the persecution of non-Jews: his specialty was the extermination of the Jewish people.

It is for this crime, among others, that Israel wishes to try Eichmann, presumably under *Nazis and Nazi Collaborators (Punishment) Law,* 5710-1950. Article 1 reads:

> 1. (a) A person who has committed one of the following offenses—
>
> (1) done, during the period of the Nazi regime, in an enemy country, an act constituting a crime against the Jewish people;
>
> (2) done, during the period of the Nazi regime, in an enemy country, an act constituting a crime against humanity;
>
> (3) done, during the period of the Second World War, in an enemy country, an act constituting a war crime,
>
> is liable to the death penalty.
>
> (b) In this section—
>
> "crime against the Jewish people" means any of the following acts, committed with intent to destroy the Jewish people in whole or in part:
>
> (1) killing Jews;
>
> (2) causing serious bodily or mental harm to Jews;
>
> (3) placing Jews in living conditions calculated to bring about their physical destruction;
>
> (4) imposing measures intended to prevent births among Jews;
>
> (5) forcibly transferring Jewish children to another national or religious group;
>
> (6) destroying or desecrating Jewish religious or cultural assets or values;
>
> (7) inciting to hatred of Jews;
>
> "crime against humanity" means any of the following acts:
>
> murder, extermination, enslavement, starvation or deportation and other inhumane acts committed against any civilian population, and persecution on national, racial, religious or political grounds;
>
> "war crime" means any of the following acts:
>
> murder, ill-treatment or deportation to forced labor or for any other purpose, of civilian population of or in occupied territory; murder or ill-treatment of prisoners of war or persons on the seas; killing of hostages; plunder of public or private property; wanton destruction of cities, towns or villages; and devastation not justified by military necessity.

It will be noted that both the definition

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of "crimes against humanity" and "war crimes" and the punishment specified for these crimes closely follow the definitions of the Nuremberg Charter of August 8, 1945. As for "crimes against the Jewish people," almost all the elements in this definition fall under "crimes against humanity" or "war crimes" or both. The Israel law is, then, "declaratory" (i.e. an elaboration on pre-existing law) rather than "constitutive" (i.e. creating new law); it is a restatement of international penal law in the language of national legislation. This is a phenomenon well known in the practice of states, technically called "the transformation of international law in domestic law." Thus, for example, the U.S.A. and the District of Columbia enacted special provisions on details of diplomatic privileges and immunities based on customary international law.

The *ex post facto* objection which has been raised in this connection is irrelevant for several reasons. First of all, the *ex post facto* rule is applicable to statutory law only and does not apply to international penal law which is by its nature customary law (i.e. based on precedent rather than legislation). By the same token, domestic non-statutory criminal law (known as "common law" or "case law") is exempt from the *ex post facto* rule. The English legal tradition, for example, admits the possibility of *ex post facto* application of penal provisions. There is, however, no need to expand on the technicalities here. The *ex post facto* rule exists to prevent a defendant from being brought to trial for an act that was not defined as criminal when he committed it and that he could not have reasonably expected to become criminal. But it would be absurd to suggest that, in making provision for dealing with murder by a particular group of people on an unimaginable scale, the 1950 Israel law (as well as several laws of liberated European states enacted for the same purpose) was creating a "new" crime *ex post facto,* and that the accused therefore could not have known that his act was wrong at the time he committed it.*

Two other objections have arisen in connection with Israel's right to try Eichmann: first, that "the Jewish people" —the term used in the 1950 law—is not a legal term; and second, that the State of Israel itself did not exist at the time the crimes were perpetrated. On the first point it should be said that the Nazi leadership left no doubt of their determination to exterminate, so far as was in their power, the Jewish people *as a whole;* they propagated the "Jewish question" as an international one and their "answer" was given without reference to national boundaries. It was *as Jews,* not as German or Hungarian or Polish or Russian nationals, that millions were killed under the supervision of Eichmann's Amt IV B4.

As for the contention that the State of Israel did not exist prior to 1948, it omits the crucial fact of Israel's legal continuity. The General Assembly declaration of November 29, 1947, in favor of the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine was a development stemming from the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate for Palestine under the League of Nations. As early as 1936, the Peel Commission reached the conclusion that, although there had been no intention of immediately establishing a Jewish state, "his Majesty's Government evidently realized that a Jewish State might in the course of time be established." The continuity of the "national home" and the State of Israel was also the basis of the Luxembourg Agreement of 1952 between Israel and the Federal Republic of Germany. Under this agreement, Germany committed itself to compensate for the rehabilitation of Nazi victims, a process that was carried out to a large extent under the Palestine Mandate.

* The *ex post facto* problem also came up during the elaboration of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and Article 11 par. 2 expressly states that the criminality of an act under international law is by itself enough to establish its criminality under domestic law.

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Moreover, under Allied High Commission for Germany Law 54 (as amended) Israel qualifies as a "united nation," since it is a "nation which has become independent after 8 May 1945 and whose territory at that date formed part" of an original member of United Nations (wartime coalition). This fact strengthens the continuity theory.

THERE is, finally, the question of an international tribunal. The World Court (the International Court of Justice in the Hague) is neither a criminal tribunal nor has jurisdiction over individuals except when they are represented by their national state, and it may only settle disputes between states if such competence is conferred upon it in advance. The two International Military Tribunals which were established at the end of World War II—the one in Nuremberg and the other in Tokyo—no longer exist, and the efforts that have been made in the UN to set up a permanent International Criminal Court have been blocked by the General Assembly, which under various pretexts systematically postpones consideration of this item from year to year. It may be added that the Israel Delegation was most active in the two Special Committees (1951 and 1953) which were charged with drafting the statute of such an International Criminal Court.

But might not an *ad hoc* International Court be convened for the purpose of trying Eichmann? Here, unfortunately, insurmountable difficulties arise. There is no international authority competent to appoint the members of such a court, and Israel can hardly be expected to assume responsibility for the choice of membership. Consequently, the composition of the court would have to be determined by an agreement among all states which enter a claim. So far, no such claims have been made. Should they be made, the negotiations would be protracted interminably. Once an agreement was reached, the Tribunal would probably be so large and heterogeneous—in the sense of being composed of judges stemming from many different political and legal traditions—as to impede its efficiency. Whereas the four-power Nuremberg judgment was practically unanimous (except for the verdicts on Schacht, von Papen, and Fritzsche), only six of the eleven judges in Tokyo were in accord on the judgment as a whole.

It would seem, then, that Israel has a very strong legal claim to jurisdiction in the Eichmann case, stronger than that of any other country(though at the time of writing, no other country has officially requested jurisdiction) and, for practical reasons, stronger than that of a potential International Tribunal.

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DAN JACOBSON

Return to South Africa

THOUGH my latest return to South Africa coincided (quite unintentionally) with the country's savage political crisis, my single overwhelming impression of South Africa, when I look back now, is not political. What I chiefly remember of the country are its spaces, simply; all the forlorn and undramatic landscapes of a country that still seems to lie bereft of any human past, untouched by its own history. Blue sky, brown earth, and people who live unaccommodated between: that is the abiding image of South Africa. There is something remote, far-sunken about the land, dwarfing the people who live in it, and making them, in turn, seem remote from one another. Divided and self-divided again, they live: the English-speaking whites, the Afrikaans-speaking whites, the black-skinned peoples, speaking a multitude of their own languages. Yet, strangely, it wasn't the blacks who seemed most remote to me this time, but the Afrikaners, the Boers, who claim, of all South Africans, to be most truly South African. If they are, it is because, in a lost country, they are most lost: a people with a past they are unable to recognize for what it was, a present that is hateful to them, and no future at all.

The trains cross and recross the Karroo, where the gaunt *koppies* stand out of the veld, littered untidily with boulders, as if the gods who had made them could not be bothered to clean up the mess of their own materials; alongside the railway tracks, there runs the clean blue National Road, and at intervals a moving car glitters on it, traveling faster than the train, yet seeming to make no progress at all against the spaces of earth and sky beyond. Then one comes to a tiny bleached station; the train waits for another train, or for nothing, and moves on again, north or south. North lies Johannesburg and the gold mines, with all their shining dumps among the suburbs; southward is Cape Town, "the fairest Cape we saw in our circumnavigation of the globe," as Sir Francis Drake described it—still fair, too, classically so, with the mountains to one side and the sea to the other. But how far apart from one another these cities are, what silences lie between them!

Space, then, is vivid in the memory; and so too, unexpectedly, is poverty. Of course, the poverty of the blacks was expected; and yet it came as a shock, it is so much uglier and more degraded than one could possibly expect or recollect, living in a country like England. But this is not the only kind of poverty one sees in South Africa; there are poor white people too, and one sees their houses everywhere: corrugated iron above, tiny *stoeps* in front, a linoleum bareness indoors. The people

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who live in these houses occupy menial positions, they earn miserable wages, they clamor for credit at the end of each month from their local Indian trader. True, they are far better off than the Africans; true, they are better off than they themselves have ever been in their own history. Yet remember them: they are poor, threatened people, almost entirely Afrikaans-speaking; there are tens of thousands of them, and they live in every town and *dorp* in the country.

How easy it would be, seeing the islands of habitation and poverty in the great emptiness of the country, to imagine South Africa depopulated, stagnating, ignored, as it was through most of the 19th century. But they found diamonds! They struck gold! Then, and only then, did that sad and unattractive outpost, which had previously drawn fewer immigrants than Australia or New Zealand, call urgently to Cornish miners and Lithuanian Jews; then the African tribesmen began streaming to the cities, which only then began to grow. Now South Africa supplies half the world's gold and half the world's diamonds; it exports uranium and manganese, fruit and fish and wool. Stark on the veld the cities grew, and still grow: cities of apartment houses and department stores, private swimming pools and parking problems. The trains and planes run on time; the radio advertises Drene shampoo and Pepsodent toothpaste; the newspapers appear and are avidly read; the factories send their smoke into the air; the universities do research into the origins of heart disease. (Why, why are the Africans so much less prone to heart disease than the whites?) Crudity still marks the manners of the people, black and white alike, still marks even their faces; but who could be surprised to find so recently developed a country crude and provincial? And if the cities are still small by European or American standards, it must be remembered that half the cities' populations travel in to do their work, and travel out again miles, to the shadow cities that lie around every named city. From his trains the white man sees these shadow cities: rows of small barrack-buildings, marching across the sides of barren and nameless hills.

The contrasts of silence and noise, isolation and busyness, poverty and wealth, are in themselves bewildering; and yet at the same time they help to make plain the nature of the conflicts which rack the country.

THE English-speaking—that is, those who are of English descent, and the Jews who are associated with them—still own the cities; they own the mines, the factories, the department stores, the homes in the expensive suburbs. For the sake of the mines, the English fought the Boers, in the Anglo-Boer War at the beginning of this century, and defeated them. After the Boers had been defeated, the English were magnanimous to them, and gave them self-government; but the English kept the mines and were contemptuous of the people to whom they had been so magnanimous. The English now are a minority among the whites, and there is not a single English South African on the government benches in the Houses of Assembly; but the English retain in their hands most of the wealth of the country. And though they themselves hardly know it, they retain too something of a pragmatic, self-seeking, and hence self-saving temperateness that seems to have come to them with their language, and with as little effort as their language. Individual English South Africans may loathe the blacks as heartily as individual Afrikaners; but as a group, the English-speaking would, I am convinced, try to make peace with the blacks, while there is still time.

But politically they are powerless. Power is in the hands of the Nationalist Afrikaners; and with them the case is entirely different. Who can describe an unknown people in a paragraph? It is better perhaps not to make the attempt, especially when the people is as complex and

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as psychologically riven as the Afrikaners. All one can ask is that the attempt be made to imagine a European people who settled in a strange land, at the foot of a remote continent, and who then trekked away into the interior—trekked away not only in search of better lands and wider pastures, but fleeing, always, from the dominance of Europe. Even when "Europe" was the Holland they came from, they resented it; when "Europe" became an alien England, they redoubled their efforts to get away from it. Significantly, their language ceased to be Dutch and became Afrikaans, a language that Hollanders now have difficulty in following; and what happened to their language happened too to many of the other laws and institutions which they had brought with them. Even their Christianity seemed to become more an Old Testament than a New Testament creed; and in the image of the Chosen People, wandering among the heathen in the wilderness, the Afrikaners saw themselves.

The heathen were the blacks, whom the Boers met as they moved forward, and whom they fought and fought again, and conquered. Then, in the interior of the country, they established their two Republics. And by a cruel and malignant irony (as it still seems to many of them) they established their pastoral republics right on top of the diamond and gold fields. The diamond fields were taken away from them easily, by the British; the gold fields were more difficult to filch, and a war had to be fought before the Boers were broken and the investors in London felt their money to be safe. And the British broke the Boers again, when the war was over, by their contempt: the contempt of the victor for the vanquished, of the rich for the poor, of the metropolitan for the colonial, of the townee for the "backvelder," of the man who spoke English for the man who spoke an unrecognized and (at that time) unwritten *taal*. Contempt was worse than war, turned defeat into rancor, persisting from generation to generation. And to this day the background of the Afrikaner Nationalist movement has remained an unquestioned enmity toward the blacks, a deep sense of grievance toward the English, and an immense sensitivity to insult. Its hope, so far as it has any, has remained the two lost but unforgotten Republics.

And what of the Africans, outnumbering by three or four to one both the English- and Afrikaans-speaking whites? In the Reserves a kind of semi-tribal life still persists, and the tourists can see the women grinding corn and making beer. But the young men are absent, away in the cities, and though they come to the cities empty handed, they bring with them qualities that are the secret envy and wonder of every white man: a litheness of limb, a quickness of laughter, an ability to endure discomfort that is as much an attitude of the mind as a quality of the body. But they come, too, it must be added, pitifully ignorant of what is needed to wage successfully a political and social struggle like the one in which, willy-nilly, they have been thrust: they come illiterate, they come ignorant of the most rudimentary technical skills, they come divided among themselves. Leaders are emerging, the skills are being acquired; but about the mass one must say that only a people shorn of their own history would have been so slow in formulating a national ideal for which to struggle; and only a people so poor that they can in some measure be contented with, or even count as riches, their wages and possessions in the great city slums, would ever have tolerated the conditions under which they live. One can say too that only a people who have never learned to handle firearms or explosives would hitherto have offered so little effective fight against their own servitude.

Consider again what has been the experience of the Afrikaner in relation to the English: the Afrikaner has suffered defeat, dispossession, and contumely. Then

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consider what the black man has suffered at the hands of the white: defeat, dispossession, and contumely. Consider too that the Afrikaners have hitherto been primarily a pastoral people, only now being drawn into the cities: is this not true, too, of the Africans? Afrikaner and African alike remember their defeats with bitterness; alike they are frightened and confused by their own emergence into cities that belong always to others; alike they hunger with an unceasing hunger for the goods and glories of these same cities: the fish-and-chips shops, the Coca-Cola girls with naked legs twenty feet high, the great pneumatic cars, the cinemas, the houses with private swimming pools. (The full-fed intellectuals of Great Britain and the United States may already have turned away in disgust from these things; but for people who come from the isolation I have described and the poverty I have described, the products of the factories and assembly plants are the wonders of the world, to be seized, emulated, adored. And if, in their fastidiousness, the intellectuals of Britain and the United States should ever forget this, they will show themselves to be unthinking and irresponsible fools. In this context South Africa is but a single instance of a universal truth.)

Of course, to return to the comparison between the Africans and the Afrikaners, there are immense differences between the two. Whatever the disadvantages he has suffered vis-à-vis the English, the Afrikaner has had every advantage over the black. The Afrikaner has always been the master of the African, he has always had some knowledge of technology, he has always had a say in the government over him: in a word, he has always had a white skin. Yet the parallel between the two groups remains true enough and close enough to make what I am writing hateful to both African and Afrikaner, who cannot but hate the reflections of themselves each sees in the other's features. There is no peace for them, no common cause, in the similitude, that's for sure. And yet—and yet. . . .

Over the last few decades, and certainly since the beginning of the Second World War, South Africa has become steadily wealthier and wealthier. The "poor whites," as a class, have all but disappeared, though many whites remain comparatively poor; the Afrikaans farmers are generally prosperous; the Afrikaans' share in the commerce and industry of the country, though still very small, is growing with every year that passes. At the same time, the earnings of the blacks—though they remain deplorably low—have risen even faster, proportionately, than the earnings of the whites, and a tiny African middle class has begun to emerge. For this reason there is a deep reluctance on the part of many Africans to risk what they have in an all-out political war against the whites; and for this reason, too, it is just possible that the Afrikaners, on their side, might be prepared to make concessions that would have been unthinkable to them only a few years ago. The more they share in it, the more the Afrikaners value the prosperity of the country, which can be sustained only by peace.

And not only have the Afrikaners grown more prosperous; by their repeated political victories over the "English" opposition, the Afrikaner Nationalists have managed to assuage something of their own rankling sense of defeat and injury. Materially and psychologically, the Afrikaners have a greater stake than ever before in the well-being of the country.

This is perhaps the strangest truth about South Africa: *if* the Afrikaner will make concessions, it will be because he now has more to lose, not less, than ever before in his history.

But which, for the Nationalist Afrikaner, is stronger: the voice of his own material hopes for himself, or all the embittered and enraged voices of his own past? Does he want to build more than he wants to destroy? Does he want to live more than he wants to die? At the mo-

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ment, it is certain, he wants to do both: to build and to destroy; to live and to die.

Death for him has many attractions, and he gives it his dearest names: "the purity of the race," "the destiny of the *volk*," "white civilization," *"baasskap"* (boss-hood). But under these names of life, there lurks the will to war and destruction: destruction of the enemy and the self alike. Why should the Afrikaner Nationalist not have wanted to destroy? The country that he wanted to destroy—did he, until very recently, feel it to be his?

Now he feels it is more his than ever before, and he is less eager to shed his blood in its name, and more eager to live in it. So the emphasis has shifted from naked *baasskap* to the more famous word, *apartheid*. Piteously, the Afrikaner Nationalists plead that they, like any other national group on earth, are entitled to a country of their own, and that South Africa *is* their country—which is true, and yet not true, for unlike any other national group they have never had a country of their *own*. They have always shared South Africa with the Africans, who are now beginning to claim the country as their own too. So from the truth that if they are to live in it at all, the country must be shared, the Afrikaner Nationalists recoil into the monstrous delusion of *apartheid*. Let the Africans, they say, have a country, or countries, of their own, within South Africa; as long as we can have a country of our own there too. We will create "Bantu National Homes,"* the government cries; we will divide South Africa justly and impartially and live in our separate communities as equals.

As equals? No, not quite.

The Bantu National Homes are to be the already eroded, overcrowded, and hungry Reserves, slightly expanded. (Though no expansion has yet taken place.) Cities, mines, fertile farmlands, are all to remain in "white" South Africa. Within their Bantu National Homes, the Africans are to have self-government, "when they are ripe for it." In the meantime, every single official is to be appointed by the white South African government, which alone is to decide when "ripeness" has come to the blacks.

So much for the putative Bantu National Homes. What about "white" South Africa? Is that to be denuded of the black labor on which its economy totally depends? By no means. The blacks are going to continue living in the "white" areas, but on the understanding that they are "visitors" there only, and thus not entitled to any political rights whatsoever. True, they will actually *be* residents; millions of them will be born in the "white" areas, in the cities and on the farms, and will die in them too; but in some mystic and unexplained way they will not belong where they are born and die, but to the distant and as yet non-existent "National Homes" mentioned in the previous paragraph.

SUCH, in outline, are the main projected developments of the *apartheid* policy. These outlines may be decorated as taste and inclination suggest. For instance, when those Bantu National Homes are fully established, each smashed tribe in its own Home, the Homeland authorities are going to appoint "ambassadors" to the "white" areas of South Africa. These ambassadors are not, however, to represent the Homeland in the courts of the white government (that would be a bit pointless, seeing that the white government appoints the Homeland government, anyway). No, these ambassadors are going to represent to the blacks who live in the "white" cities their own—that is, the blacks' own—Homeland. Can you work it out? This will have the effect, you see, of creating *loyalty* among the urbanized blacks to those Homelands of theirs; and a very important task it will be too, seeing that none of them will ever have seen their Homelands. And do you know what is the

* "Bantu" is the official government word for the blacks in South Africa. "Africans"—the word used everywhere else—sounds too much like "Afrikaner" for its use to be encouraged locally.

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shape of the ideal city of the future, according to Dr. Verwoerd? The ideal city of the future, according to Dr. Verwoerd, is to be round, and cut into segments radiating from a center, like a sliced cake, with a different race in each slice. (For there are not only blacks and whites in South Africa; there are Cape Coloreds, Indians . . . any number of possible classifications.) Then, you see, each race will be able to travel to and from the center of the town *without ever crossing into the territory of another race!* And this bizarre, multicolored, and segmented city, it must not be forgotten, is to be situated in what is solemnly, as a final touch of absurdity, always called *white* South Africa!

Grotesque? Laughable? Paranoid? Certainly. And all the more dangerous for being so. I will give later my reasons for saying this: at the moment I want to repeat that all of what I have written above are the government's hopes or plans for the future. In the meantime, and with an eye to this idyllic future, things are much simpler; all the government has to do, as the first step in implementing its policies, is to make it plain to the blacks that they don't belong where they happen to be. And this has been most zealously done already. Politically, economically, socially, every miserable little right the Africans had—of representation, of consultation, of organization—has been taken away from them; the "pass laws" have been made more stringent; and the policy of "separate facilities" has been introduced even in places where it was unknown before. (And heaven knows there were few enough places in South Africa before where black and white could ever mingle casually outside their work.) In addition, penalties of the most severe kind have been introduced for any infringement of the government's new laws: for example, if you urge a black man to stay away from work, and he does so, both he and you run the risk of being flogged, jailed for five years, and subsequently banished to a remote part of the country.

But this, all *this,* is not oppression, the government asseverates; they are merely the measures preliminary to carrying out the policy of "positive *apartheid,*" as described above. And now that the word *apartheid* has fallen into international disfavor, the Nationalists are trying to think up alternatives to it. *Aparte ontwikkeling* (separate development) is one phrase that has been suggested; another is *aparte vryheid* (separate freedom).

In a way, I suppose, the fact that the Afrikaner Nationalists feel the need to talk of *aparte vryheid,* rather than of plain *baasskap,* is an advance of a kind. But if it is an advance in one direction, it is a retreat in another. The talk of *baasskap* at least had a direct and evidential relationship to the facts of South African life. The talk of "positive *apartheid*" or *aparte vryheid* has no relation at all to anything visible, or anything conceivable, in modern South Africa. And I repeat that it is this total unreality, this dreamlike and utterly fantastic character of the government's utterances that makes them most dangerous. It is this, too, which helps to give the events in South Africa their distinctively 20th-century character.

OF COURSE, the South African problem is usually seen as being very much a part of a particular series of 20th-century events: the throwing off, by the former colonial peoples, of their white overlords. And it is true enough that these events are a very important factor in the development of national consciousness among the blacks in South Africa, and one that is likely to become more and more important, as the territories to the north one by one assume self-government. But the comparison of South Africa with the other territories of Africa, and with the new states of Asia, is not altogether acceptable. There is one great difference between South Africa and the countries with which it is compared, and that is that in South Africa the whites are not just officials, traders, and missionaries, as they were in most of

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the other colonial territories. Nor are they even white "settlers," like the *colons* of Algeria, who insist that they are before all else Frenchmen, and then only, if at all, Algerians. The white South Africans are true inhabitants of their country; most of them have never known any other, and the Afrikaners have not even the most tenuous links with any metropolitan power.

Once it is accepted that the whites in South Africa are there by right, as much *of* South Africa as the Africans themselves, the country's problems seem then to resemble not so much the classic colonial situation as a kind of paradigm of the history of much of Europe in the 19th century. South Africa is going through an industrial revolution very much like that which England underwent in the 19th century; the mass of its people are fighting for the rights of political representation which the people of Europe fought for a hundred years ago. And like those people then, the Africans are confronted with an oligarchy of wealth and power which seems determined, at almost any cost, to cling to all of its wealth and power.

But one cannot wage a 19th-century struggle in the middle of the 20th century: every century uses its own weapons. And the weapons in the hands of the present government in South Africa are indeed those of the 20th century. They include Sten guns, Saracen armored cars, walkie-talkie radios, and jet planes (and would the Bastille have been stormed if its defenders had been equipped with these weapons? Could the people of Hungary, better armed and a hundred times more skilled in modern combat than the Africans, prevail against the armed superiority of the Russians?). But the greatest weapon in the hands of the South African government is the Big Lie, the delusion which is so far removed from reality that it cannot even be rationally controverted. The Nationalist Big Lie is, of course, the policy of *apartheid*.

Students of totalitarianism, like Hannah Arendt or George Orwell, have told us that in order to make effective use of the great delusion, one needs a press, a radio, mass rallies, youth movements, secret hierarchies of power within the party itself; and all these the Afrikaner Nationalist movement has. One needs to iterate and reiterate the grossest untruths so often that even one's opponents, let alone one's supporters, find it impossible to believe the evidence of their eyes; one has to destroy in one's supporters their sense of where their own material interests lie, so that for the sake of "higher" ideological interests—that is, for the sake of the delusion itself—they will sacrifice their goods and their lives.

COMPARED with the Nazis of Germany, or the Stalinists of Russia, the Arikaner Nationalists are beginners, bunglers, lazybones, lovers of the easy life; some of them even do have a positive respect for the processes of the law and the traditions of parliamentary debate.* Their supporters have not been driven to desperation by hunger or any recent war; the leaders themselves have a deep hankering for the good opinion of the world. But they *are* trying to impose a delusion upon the real world; and there are people among them who have announced, repeatedly, that they would sooner kill and be killed than give up one single fragment of their dream.

And one of the most dangerous things about the politics of delusion is that its example must be contagious, by its very nature. Already from African leaders one

* In the years before and during the Second World War the Nationalist movement in South Africa was directly infected by Nazism; and Dr. Verwoerd himself was found, in a court judgment given during the war, to have consciously used the newspaper he was then editing as an instrument of Nazi propaganda. (Dr. Verwoerd's explanation of the court's finding was that the judge was a Jew.)

In fairness, it must be added that successive Nationalist governments, including Dr. Verwoerd's, have been scrupulously correct in their attitude toward the South African Jewish community; and more than correct in their friendliness toward the State of Israel.

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is beginning to hear statements which in their unreality match those of the government. "Africa for the Africans!"—is that really a rational call in South Africa, where black and white, Indian and Colored, already live and must continue to live? Or to give another example: "What," I once asked a liberal white, who was prophesying the imminent and total success of the revolution, "are you going to *do* with the Afrikaners, after the revolution?" The question seemed to irritate him; eventually he replied, "Teach them to speak Zulu!" Thus, as brusquely as Dr. Verwoerd ever dreams of doing, was a nation disposed of—by a man who thinks of himself as a liberal.

EVEN with the best will in the world, South Africa's problems would be extremely difficult to solve: indeed, I do not believe that they ever can be "solved" in any simple sense of the word. Furthermore, one of the reasons why the country's problems are so intractable is that there is so much justice in the claims of all the contending parties. Particularly it is necessary to say this about the Afrikaners—and not only because I have written about them so unflatteringly here. The Afrikaners are not inhuman monsters, altogether unlike any other people who have ever been seen. For the most part, they are very much like other people: most of them are conformists, who are taken along by their society, as people are everywhere. And when one thinks of them as a group, it is impossible to regard their past struggles and their bleak future without being moved by a sense of profound compassion for them. They have never had a chance, one cannot but feel: history has again and again tricked and cheated them. Now they are trapped in their own history; and they can escape from it only by making an effort that almost no other people has ever been asked to make.

There are real, as well as unreal, problems in South Africa; there is a reason for, and reason in, the fears of the Afrikaners; there is justice in some of the demands they make upon the world.

But to say all this is not to yield one inch in one's belief that their present leadership has set itself on a course which has made a complex and difficult problem a thousandfold more difficult; which is turning the inevitable dangers of political and social life in South Africa into the certainties of suicide and murder.

I have never shared the views of those who foresaw in South Africa a single violent and apocalyptic Day of Reckoning approaching. To my mind, the Africans were, and still are, too weak for any single paroxysm of theirs to overthrow the power of the state. People outside South Africa do not appreciate the sheer *size* of the white establishment in South Africa; nor how irresistible is the might of a modern army and police force, equipped with all the arms it could want; they do not know that the white oligarchy in South Africa mans its armed forces entirely, so that there is no possibility of subversion from within. Conversely, people abroad do not realize how much divided among themselves the Africans are, how unskilled politically and technically; how uneager they are to risk the little they have for a cause which has only just begun to seem plausible to them. For all these reasons it seemed inevitable that, rather than a revolution, South Africa would have to pass through a long series of crises, each one very similar to the crisis it has just gone through, and the one which it had experienced previously in 1953.

That, I believe, is still true; but while it once seemed possible that the crises, and the pauses in between, could be prolonged indefinitely, for generations perhaps, this no longer seems at all likely to me. Ahead of South Africa there still lies a series of hideous days, scattered perhaps over many years; no one can guess how many. But not over generations. Not, perhaps, over a single generation. And this is true for many reasons.

First of all, the strength of the African

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attack in the recent crisis surprised everyone, including (I am told) the African leaders themselves. It is true that the outbreaks were beaten down, and the country now is silent again. But when will the next campaign take place, and what form will it take? It is impossible to answer these questions; but one cannot refrain from asking them. To compare the campaign of 1953 with the campaign of 1960 is to realize just how far and how fiercely the African people have come forward in the last seven years.

THEN, the reaction of the world to events in South Africa is of the greatest importance, and, for reasons both of morality and expediency, it is going to continue to be strong and uniformly hostile. South Africa depends on the countries outside it for trade, for investment, even for arms; and even apart from any question of sanction or boycott, the condemnation of world opinion has an accumulatively weakening effect upon the morale of the Afrikaner Nationalist—precisely because of his particular historical sensitivity to insult.* It is true that being sensitive in this way, insults and reproaches from abroad *may* make South Africa's leaders more fanatic in their paranoia than they already are. From my own observation, however, I would guess that even if this were true of the leaders, it would not be true of the followers; the hostility from abroad unquestionably weakens them more than it strengthens them. They simply cannot stand being hated and despised, indefinitely, again, again!

And in talking of the morale of the Afrikaner Nationalist I have already come to the third reason why I believe the whites in South Africa might not hold out as long as their own physical strength would enable them to. The last thing I would want to do is to minimize the gravity of the crisis the country has just endured; yet I must say that the pressure brought to bear upon the government by the African campaigners was not, as things go in this world, very great; it was never sufficiently sustained over sufficiently wide an area really to threaten the authority of the state. But to meet even this degree of pressure the government called out the army, declared a state of emergency, arrested hundreds of political prisoners, turned the country upside down almost more effectively than the campaigners had done. What more can they do next time, then? And next time the pressures will be more severe, let it be remembered; and may take forms which the government has not yet even remotely been required to face. (Remember Ireland, Palestine, Cyprus, Algeria?)

An army could deal with the pressures, whatever forms they may take. But the white people of South Africa could not—not over many years, not over generations. They are not an army; they are people, with families, children, businesses, private ambitions. It may be argued that so too are the *colons* of Algeria, who have yet managed to hold out for years against pressures more severe than any that are likely in the near future to be brought against the white South Africans. But the *colons* insist that they are Frenchmen, and have the might of France to prove their claim—an army of 500,000 fighting for them. The white South Africans are quite alone; no metropolitan power will ever come to their assistance; they will have to do their own fighting, and pay for it all, out of their own purses and with their own lives. I do not believe that even if they were united among themselves they could do it for long. And they are not united: to the English the government is an alien and incompetent one; not all Afrikaners, by any means, are Nationalists; the Nationalists, for the very first

* In fact, after the world had expressed its disgust over the Sharpeville killings the police acted with remarkable restraint—by South African standards—throughout the crisis. It is clear that they were acting on instructions; and it seems pretty clear that the overseas reaction was a most important factor in the issuing of these instructions.

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time, are beginning to show some tiny signs of dissension among themselves.

But the last and most difficult question of all remains: is it possible to envision in South Africa a multi-racial society, each group in it meeting the others on equal terms?

There are two sides from which one must attempt to answer this question: the white and the black. About the blacks it is often said that even if the whites in South Africa were now, in good grace and with the best of intentions, to begin making real concessions to the Africans, the latter are so enraged and embittered at what they have suffered that they will continue to work reasonlessly and revengefully for a "Black South Africa." And to support this argument people put forward the cases of Kenya or Northern Rhodesia, say, where the government has granted concessions which in South Africa have not yet been dreamed of, and where the blacks nevertheless remain implacable in their opposition to the whites.

The case of South Africa is, I believe, very different. After all, it is possible to imagine Kenya or Northern Rhodesia clean of whites—for though they are "settler colonies," their white populations can be counted in tens of thousands. But to imagine South Africa clean of its millions of whites, one has to be insane. And the blacks in South Africa are not—yet—insane. To this day they are grateful for friendship which is offered to them (though a riot-maddened mob is another matter); they are eager to learn the skills which the whites can impart to them; they are eager to benefit from the products of the white investment in the country. There is no doubt that the longer the whites maintain a brute-force supremacy, the more certainly will it be replaced, ultimately, and at unthinkable cost, by a brute-force black supremacy. But if the whites yield, crack, give way before too much blood has been shed, then the blacks will, I feel, be ready to live with them.

But even if that were true, is it possible to imagine the whites of South Africa ever admitting the blacks as their equals? To the overwhelming majority of whites in South Africa the blacks are at best objects of patronage; and at worst objects of loathing, dread, and contempt. Can these people change the attitudes which are bred into them by every shred of tradition, custom, and usage they possess? I have implied that habits of subservience among the Africans die hard; how much harder will be the death of the habits of authority and superiority on the part of the whites.

Well, I have never thought they will die easily; they will never die altogether, for no habit ever does, in history. But the same habits can assume very different forms and issue in very different actions when circumstances compel them to. And vague and unsatisfactory though this formulation may seem, it will have to do to describe the changes that may take place among the whites who want to continue living in South Africa; and these changes, once they begin, may take place much faster than now seems possible.

In talking of this aspect of the South African problem people often compare the country with the Southern states of the United States. Look, they say, at the whites there, who cling to their contempt and hatred of the Negroes, even though the Negroes are so outnumbered, and offer no real threat to the dominance of the whites in the country at large. What can you expect, they ask, if such is the tenacity of human prejudice, of the whites in South Africa, who are outnumbered and to whose dominance a real threat is offered?

What people overlook, in putting forward this argument, is that it is possible to reverse its terms and arrive at quite a different conclusion. Surely, it is *because* the Negroes in the South are so outnumbered and powerless that the whites there have been able to afford their prejudices. What does it cost the Southern white to "keep the Nigra in his place"? The economy of his region is possibly developed

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more slowly as a result; and his country as a whole suffers in its bid for friendship among the colored nations of the world. But these are remote and impalpable considerations for the white Southerner, compared to the satisfaction of his immediate fears and aggressions. His livelihood, whatever it may be, is placed in no danger when he puts on his robe and prances through the streets of a Southern town; still less is his life.

But in South Africa, "keeping the Kaffir in his place" may well cost the white his livelihood and his life. And to keep his life and livelihood a man will sometimes put aside others of his most cherished possessions; sometimes even his dreams and delusions and prejudices.

In any case, it must not for a moment be imagined that white and black in South Africa are not already living together. It is true that every South African city is two cities; every town, two towns; every *dorp,* two *dorps*: one black, one white. It is true that every post office, public lavatory, railway station (even every footbridge over every railway station) is double; true that the white man goes into his cinemas and beaches and cafés and never sees a black, except for those who happen to be working there; true, too, that these divisions are being extended with a frantic and sickening zeal, wherever one turns. Yet, in the face of whatever denials and divisions the government may attempt to foster, anyone still in his senses can see that every day, everywhere in South Africa, without cessation, black and white men are meeting one another, talking to one another, learning from one another, becoming more and more like each other. This is the single overwhelming truth about the country, and it is a truth that continues whether or not there are riots, midnight arrests, liquor raids, pass raids, old oppressions or new *apartheid* legislation before the House of Assembly. Every unnoticed and unreported day that passes in South Africa ties the black and white communities more closely together; and though the contiguousness arouses the hatred, it lulls too, it makes brothers of those who hate each other.

And their brotherhood is figured forth in one fact which is hardly ever mentioned or commented upon: the fact that the "whites" of South Africa are no longer white. If you come from abroad, from Europe, where you have lived for years among those who are truly European, it is impossible not to be struck by the admixture of non-white blood which has passed into the veins of those who claim still, after three hundred years, to be "European." In noticing this, we cannot console ourselves with pictures of an ultimate indiscriminate peace which will come to rest over the country. Before then the generations must live, the present generation at least. How will it live? The answer is: Badly. Bitterly. Wastefully. In pain. And one cannot set a date to the bitterness and sadness and waste and pain. But nor can one set a date to the life.

And that is why, whatever way the country goes, it will not go the way Dr. Verwoerd wants it to go. People hear much of the crises in South Africa; they do not hear of the indifference there is in South Africa, the lethargy, the greed. But as surely as the forces of enlightenment and compassion and justice, these human failings or weaknesses, too, are working against the government. And this should cause us no surprise. To deny full humanity to others is to make the attempt to deny it—in all its strengths and weaknesses—to oneself. Proudly, boastfully, the attempt is being made in South Africa, as it has been made a thousand times before in a thousand different places; miserably, squalidly, painfully, it is going to fail, as it has always failed before.

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JOSEPH KRAFT

The Decline of the New York Democrats

SEYMOUR, Greeley, Tilden, Cleveland, Parker, Smith, and Roosevelt: seven of the thirteen men named by the Democrats for the Presidency since the Civil War have been New Yorkers. An eighth candidate—Davis—won the nomination in 1924, thanks as much to Wall Street connections as West Virginia antecedents. Two others—Bryan and Wilson—owed their first nominations to spells of party revolt against what Bryan called New York's effort to "dominate the National Convention." Win or lose, in short, the New York Democrats have traditionally counted for much in the counsels of the national party.

In Convention votes (114) and in Electoral College votes (45), New York still counts more than any other state. Its primacy as a center for raising money and for attracting publicity is uncontested. But the day of domination is over. The New York Democrats approach the 1960 Convention weakened by faction and demoralized by charges of bossism. Heavily pro-Kennedy, they are nevertheless muffling their enthusiasm for fear it will do more harm than good. And from their own ranks all they have to offer is a not very hopeful candidate for Vice President.

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"For the first time that I can remember," says former Senator Herbert Lehman, the dean of New York Democrats, "we don't even have a possible candidate for President."

Thinness of Presidential timber affords only a paltry measure of the decline. In virtually every other Northern state, young and attractive Democrats have become prominent in recent years. In the East alone there are Edmund Muskie and Frank Coffin of Maine; John Kennedy of Massachusetts; Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut; Harrison Williams and Robert Meyner of New Jersey; Richardson Dilworth and Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania. But in New York the bold, new men are Senator Jacob Javits and Governor Nelson Rockefeller, both Republicans. The most prominent Democrats are Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, former Senator Lehman, former Postmaster General James A. Farley, former Governor Averell Harriman: all holdovers from the Roosevelt era.

Even the Vice Presidential candidate, fifty-year-old Mayor Robert F. Wagner, is no true exception. He entered politics as a projection of his father, the late New Deal Senator Robert F. Wagner. Though he has run the city for seven years, and repeatedly proved his talent as a vote-getter, Wagner still seems to think of himself as junior. ("My father, the Senator," is a constant refrain in his small talk.)

Like most people who look back, the New York Democrats have solid reason to

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be worried about the future. Fortuitous circumstances may account for some of their difficulty. Because Franklin Roosevelt's connection with the state was so close, the reflected glory of his figure has been a longer day's waning in New York than anywhere else. Because, in New York City at least, the Democrats have been the Ins rather than the Outs, they have been under no special pressure to develop new men. But the trouble goes deeper, springing—like everything else central to New York Democratic politics—from the interplay between the party and its traditional clientele: the minority groups. "The Irish, the Jews, the Italians, the Poles, and the Negroes made the party," one Democratic county leader says. "Now they're pulling it apart."

THE story of the alliance between immigrant groups and Democratic machines is by now a familiar part of the national epic. In New York, as in most of the other big cities, the machine provided Christmas baskets, buckets of coal, an occasional job, and when needed, a word with the authorities. In return the immigrants gave all they had: votes. When, after World War I, the immigrants raised their claims above the handout level, the New York Democrats responded with a program of social welfare. Franklin Roosevelt and the depression translated the welfare politics initiated by Al Smith in Albany to the national scene. With the New Deal one new minority entered the Democratic camp—the Negroes, who had been faithful Republicans since the days of Lincoln. Thus reinforced, the New York Democrats thrived as never before. In 1935, at the high mark of the New Deal, they had Roosevelt in the White House, Lehman in the governor's mansion, both U. S. Senators, two-thirds of the Congressional delegation, and a majority of both houses in the state legislature.

The welfare state, World War II, and, then, the affluent society wrought a subtle but unmistakable change—a change unwittingly expressed by one of the most astute and successful of New York's Democratic politicians, James A. Farley. In 1938, Farley called Roosevelt "the living voice of democracy and the greatest popular leader of his age"; a decade later he was writing:

> Strange as it may seem, the President never took me into the bosom of the family, although everyone agreed I was more responsible than any other man for his being in the White House. Never was I invited to spend the night in the historic mansion. Only once did I ever make a cruise on the Presidential yacht. . . . Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt once said, "Franklin finds it hard to relax with people who aren't his social equals." I took this remark to explain my being out of the infield.

The distance between those words and the spirit of the Christmas basket and easy immigration papers is incalculable; workmen's compensation and the eight-hour day are nearly as remote. To be a social equal—in the "infield"—was what Farley wanted, and what, like him, hosts of second- and third-generation immigrants in New York came to want for themselves. In a period of prosperity, the economic drive gave way to the appetite for status as a primary motive of political behavior.

Along with prosperity has come the special case of the Negroes, and, after them, of the Puerto Ricans. The simple-minded and those mesmerized by the past may see in these groups only the latest wave of immigrants: "the Italians fifty years later." But, in fact, there is an obvious and—for that reason alone—important difference. Color, for the time being anyhow, isolates the Negroes and Puerto Ricans as easily identifiable ethnic groups. Unlike the earlier immigrants, the Negroes and Puerto Ricans are therefore obliged to acquire more than equality of economic opportunity. They must win equality itself—in schools, in housing, and in political jobs. Thus their problem becomes yet another aspect of the concern for status in New York politics.

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Predictable consequences have followed from this new emphasis on status. It has helped make the personality of the candidates on the one hand, and, on the other, issues touching buried religious and racial memories, group allegiance, and pride of place, extremely important factors in election campaigns. The personality of General Eisenhower plus the stress put by the Republicans on foreign policy, Communism in government, and corruption have yielded enormous bounties in New York. The Republicans had not achieved a state majority in any Presidential election since 1928, but they carried New York by half a million votes in 1952, and by a record 1.5 million votes in 1956. Now they hold both Senate seats and the Governorship.

Perhaps the major element in the reduction of the traditional Democratic following has been the desertions that have taken place on the higher rungs of the immigrant social ladder. The Irish, the first of the minority groups to come, were also the first to leave. In the Ninth Assembly District of Brooklyn, a heavily Irish area, the Democrats won in 1936, lost narrowly in 1940, and in 1956 attracted only a fifth of the total vote. Indications are that the Jews and Italians may be following the Irish lead. The predominantly Jewish Fifth Assembly District on Manhattan's West Side went more than 75 per cent Democratic in 1954, but only 60 per cent in 1956, and barely 51 per cent in 1958. The largely Italian First Assembly District in Greenwich Village supported Truman by nearly 3–1 in 1948, but favored Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956, and in 1958, it gave the Republicans 60 per cent of the poll.

Conversely, the Democrats have registered gains outside the big cities, where the minority groups are less important, or where (as a result of moves to the suburbs) the drive for status finds expression in areas other than politics. In the state at large, the number of Democratic county supervisors has risen from 352 in 1953 to 484 today. In the 1958 gubernatorial race the Democratic ticket did better outside New York City than inside. Two suburban counties, Suffolk and Rockland, both went Democratic in the 1959 local elections. In 1958, Schenectady, a town low on immigrant population, sent a Democrat to Congress for the first time since the Civil War.

To be sure, the bulk of the minority groups inside the big cities have remained loyal to the Democrats. But among the faithful there is evident a distinct sharpening of racial and religious conflict. In the 1950 New York mayoralty election, the two leading candidates, both of Italian origin, each tried to persuade the voters that he was the better Italian. When Hulan Jack, the Negro Borough President of Manhattan, fell out with his fellow Negro and Democrat, Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, Mr. Powell charged that Mr. Jack was "an Uncle Tom," or white man's Negro. After the two men finally effected a reconciliation, the city's leading Puerto Rican paper accused them of trying to "impose a Negro supremacy in New York City." In the East Bronx this spring a Negro-Puerto Rican alliance was formed with the frank intention of unseating the Irish-Jewish team that has run the district's Democratic affairs for years. A recent primary fight on Manhattan's overwhelmingly Jewish West Side pitted a Jewish incumbent against an Irish insurgent. One club leader, formerly aligned with the insurgents, this time found no difficulty in supporting the incumbent. "You think," he remarked, "we're going to have an Irishman represent a Jewish district? How many Jews represent Irish districts?" In the past, to be sure, balanced ethnic tickets were a common device for appealing to different nationality groups. The difference is that in recent times ethnic status has been asserted invidiously, as a matter of pride, to establish for certain groups prescriptive rights to certain offices.

Perhaps the most striking mark of the role that ethnic pride now plays in the New

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York Democratic party lies in the behavior of the (mainly Irish Catholic) political leaders. In the past "bosses" have stayed behind the scenes, wisely preferring the role of Père Joseph to that of Cardinal Richelieu. "We have orators," an early Tammany Hall leader once said, "but they're mainly ornamental." Charles F. Murphy, perhaps the most successful of all Tammany leaders, was known as "silent Charlie." Ed Flynn, the intelligent Bronx "boss" who became Democratic National Chairman after Farley, set it down as a basic axiom that "the opinion of a man who is a candidate for public office is not dependable in matters of political organization."

But Charles A. Buckley, Flynn's successor in the Bronx and perhaps the best-entrenched of the New York "bosses," is a Congressman. Peter Crotty of Buffalo, the next most powerful, was a candidate for Attorney General on Averell Harriman's ticket in the 1958 gubernatorial race. Joseph T. Sharkey of Brooklyn, probably the third strongest "boss" in the state, is a City Councilman. In Yorkville, a typical New York City district, the posts of U. S. Congressman, State Senator, and City Councilman are all held by leaders of district political clubs. The only other elective post in the district, State Assemblyman, is filled by the son of a former club leader.

Then there is Carmine De Sapio, at this writing New York's National Democratic Committeeman and the leader of Tammany Hall. Far from hiding his light under a bushel, Mr. De Sapio has deliberately thrust himself into the public eye. He has made himself available for long profiles in *Harper's,* the *Saturday Evening Post,* and *Time,* lectured at colleges and law schools, appeared on such television programs as "Open End." This year he preached the Palm Sunday sermon at his neighborhood church. "He's to Tammany," one Democrat has said, "what Commander Whitehead is to Schweppes."

De Sapio claims that his behavior is "geared to the times." Less interested judges believe that he sees in his own advancement social promotion for all Italian-Americans. "It's a case of Italian vanity," says one prominent Democrat who has worked closely with De Sapio for years and regards him highly. "Carmine," says another, "wants to be respectable."

THE ambitions of the party professionals have acted to damage one group in particular. Upper-class (or "social") Democrats like Franklin Roosevelt, Herbert Lehman, and Averell Harriman —men of solid stock, private means, genteel education, and a keener interest in office and in issues than in patronage— have traditionally played a large role in New York politics, partly because they have been able to neutralize conflicting minority claims. All across the country in the past two decades "social" Democrats— Dilworth in Pennsylvania, Adlai Stevenson and Paul Douglas in Illinois, "Soapy" Williams in Michigan, William Proxmire and Gaylord Nelson in Wisconsin—have been getting nominations and winning elections. But in New York there are literally thousands of such men whose entrance into politics has been blocked by the professionals. A typical example is a personable forty-year-old lawyer, a graduate of Choate (where he was national interscholastic tennis champion) and Stanford, who served in the Navy (rising to be a Lieutenant Commander at twenty-five) and then worked for a Congressman, a Senator, and as a top legal aide in the State Department. For the past seven years he has been a loyal member of his local Democratic club, going to party functions, watching the polls, serving as an election district captain. But he has been denied even the humblest of nominations—State Assemblyman, a post which, like every other elective job in his district, is filled by one of the professionals.

The clash implicit in such cases was forced to the surface at the 1958 State Democratic Convention in Buffalo. With-

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out much doubt the best qualified candidate for nomination as U. S. Senator was Thomas K. Finletter, a former high State Department official, Marshall Plan administrator in Britain, and Air Force Secretary. Mr. Finletter, however, is a distinguished downtown lawyer, and a member of the Knickerbocker Club; he is also a descendant of one of the first families of Philadelphia and allied by marriage to an equally prominent New York family. However, the professionals wanted one of their own, and over the protests of Mrs. Roosevelt, and Messers. Harriman, Wagner, and Lehman, they put across the candidacy of New York District Attorney Frank Hogan.

Though Hogan (along with Harriman at the top of the ticket) was defeated in the Rockefeller sweep, the scars of Buffalo have never been effaced. Finletter, Lehman, and Mrs. Roosevelt have broken with the organization Democrats to establish a reform group, the New York Committee of Democratic Voters. In dozens of elections, they have pursued primary fights against regular Democratic candidates. They have made De Sapio a special target for charges of bossism, and their defeat of several regular candidates in the June 7 primaries raises the distinct possibility that he may be unseated.

While the immediate stakes are often trivial, bitterness, colored by social antipathy, runs very deep. Some of the Reformers are not above imitating De Sapio in a music hall Italian accent, while some of the organization men see in Reform a ganging-up of the Protestants and Jews against the Catholics.

In the Presidential election, there is only one candidate who can mend this split. Adlai Stevenson is anathema to the Regulars—"that pink SOB," one of them once called him—and Lyndon Johnson and Stuart Symington are hardly more popular with the Reformers. But Senator John F. Kennedy, who is at once an Irish Catholic and a "social" Democrat, holds out a strong appeal to Reformers and Regulars alike. It will thus be a considerable surprise if he gets less than 100 of New York's 114 votes on the first ballot in Los Angeles. Only bargaining tactics and fear of further inflaming the Catholic issue have prevented party leaders from proclaiming in advance allegiance to Kennedy. "At this point," one New York county leader, himself a Catholic, says, "an endorsement from Bishop Pike is worth a lot more than an endorsement from Bishop De Sapio."

Wagner's interest in the Vice Presidency is mainly a backstop to the Kennedy sentiment. The Mayor likes the Senator and will do nothing to stand in his way. But if Kennedy fails to win the nomination for President, and declines to take second place on the ticket, then Wagner—a Catholic and a Yale man who, according to polls, is believed by many Protestants to be a Protestant and by many Jews to be a German Jew—could, perhaps, hold the state party together in 1960 as a Vice Presidential candidate. Wagner is merely making himself available in the unlikely event that Kennedy finds no place on the ticket.

But in backing Kennedy, as in proferring Wagner, the New York Democrats are licking their wounds. Their role at the convention will be to follow, not to shape, events. "I can assure you," their titular head, former Governor Averell Harriman, has said (and without a trace of irony), "that New York will play a major part in the framing of the platform."

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HARRIS DIENSTFREY

"Fabianism" in Washington

OVER the past two years, a series of incidents in this country has highlighted the uneasiness with which some Americans occasionally view their official leaders. The Southern sit-ins, with their Northern counterparts of sympathetic picketing, is one example; the organizing of SANE another; a third, the various pacifist-sponsored demonstrations (which ranged from the year-long "vigil" at Fort Detrick, Maryland—a center of chemical and biological warfare—to the one-day civil defense protest staged in New York). All these incidents have bypassed the usual political institutions. But equally suggestive of the same uneasiness are those quieter incidents which have taken place within the government, and however we judge their final impact, they may in fact represent an important change in political behavior. Perhaps the most striking such incident is the Liberal Project, a recent attempt by eleven Democratic Congressmen (most of whom won their seats in the 1958 party sweep) to establish some common ground between themselves and a group of independent intellectuals.

Every administration, of course, has its professorial and scientific advisors, and every Congressional committee can call on any number of consultants; but few administrations, or Congressional committees, or Congressional groups, have or care to have an independent body of intellectuals offering them not only facts, but a combination of general policies *and* ideas which together would form a consistent program for governing the United States. To organize such a body of independent thinkers—or, at least, to set up the machinery for the functioning of such a body—is what the eleven Congressmen, together with a total of forty-six intellectuals, scientists, and scholars are attempting to do under the auspices of the Liberal Project.

The Project, determined to bring into closer relation the domains of power and of independent knowledge—which for many years have seemed so far apart—has the far-reaching aim of strengthening the role of Congressmen in the formation of foreign and domestic policies. The assumption here is that an increased knowledge and competence on the part of the legislators will add to the "weight" of their positions vis-à-vis other segments of government. More immediately, the Project hopes to develop a program for the 60's that will provide alternatives for present domestic and foreign policies, so many of which are involved with the very question of survival. In all its objectives, the Liberal Project mirrors the dissatisfaction of some Americans with their cold-war country. But whether it will, finally, succeed in becoming the political-cultural force it strives to be is still unclear.

HARRIS DIENSTFREY is an assistant editor of COMMENTARY; his review of *Pilgrims in the Zoo* by Bruce Brooks and *Cain's Book* by Alexander Trocchi appeared in our May issue.

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THE idea of the Liberal Project was first suggested early in 1959 by a young man who was then acting as a legislative counsel to a new Democratic Congressman from Iowa. Marcus Raskin, a graduate of the University of Chicago Law School, had been in Washington slightly over a year, observing Congressional politics; he had been struck, he says, by the "anti-programmatic *ad hocism*" of both parties and by the resulting ascendence in Congress of "political brokers." Interpreting the 1958 elections as a sign of protest against the Eisenhower administration and, at the same time, as a demand for alternative policies and new ideas, Raskin became convinced that nothing less than a completely reformulated liberalism could provide either the policies or the ideas. (On occasion in Washington, the New Deal's response to problems of the 30's still reverberates.)

A Congressman from Wisconsin, Robert Kastenmeier (another freshman), had been thinking along similar lines and suggested that Raskin draw up a memorandum detailing the current political deficiencies he saw and the solution he envisioned so that they might show the memo to a small group of sympathetic Congressmen.

A few months later, Kastenmeier arranged for Raskin to discuss the memo with himself and six other Congressmen—George Kasem of California, Frank Kowalski of Connecticut, Byron Johnson of Colorado, George McGovern of South Dakota, William Meyer of Vermont, and Charles Porter of Oregon. Except for Porter and McGovern, both of whom had been elected to the 85th Congress in 1956, the legislators were all freshmen. Two of them, Meyer and Johnson, were pacifists, and Meyer had the distinction of being the first Democrat to be sent to the House in a hundred and eight years. Johnson had been a professor of economics and McGovern a professor of history. All had voted against extending the draft for four years and, sometime after this meeting, all voted (except Kasem, who was absent) against the right of states to legislate their own anti-subversion laws.

Raskin's memo spoke of the *ad hoc* methods of dealing with problems "after they occurred, and then only in a partial manner—thus guaranteeing the likelihood that the problems would reoccur in an even more virulent form." Though the Eisenhower administration made use of this approach most conspiciously, "in the United States there is no . . . 'loyal opposition.'. . . Bipartisanship [today] is nothing more than a cover-up for the fact that no new policies have been fashioned." Thus, "the hands of political brokers have been greatly strengthened."

The memo went on to argue that realistic liberal policies "must be much broader than the kind of economic liberalism promulgated in the 1930's," and that liberalism needed new leaders, whose influence would not depend on one charismatic personality, but on a "rational program": "a complete . . . restatement of all areas of public policy, foreign policy, defense policy, industrial policy, agricultural policy, legal and judicial policy. Finally, what is needed is a formulation of the philosophic condition of Man in the Twentieth Century."

Following this formidable introduction, the memo proposed a list of topics under four headings—foreign policy; economic, industrial, and agricultural policy; judiciary, law, and human rights; and education, science, and culture. It suggested that papers be written on these topics and that "particular scholars and experts" be used only when necessary. An outline of questions followed each topic. For example, under "Foreign Policy, *General Statement,*" Raskin proposed that the group ask itself whether it is "necessary to lead away from the traditional nation-state conception of sovereignty into a notion of world law which recognizes the revolutionary character of the century and rejects traditional conceptions of the status quo?" Under "Economic, Industrial, and Agricultural Policy, *Taxation,*" he asked:

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"Should there be a tighter and higher tax structure on corporate entities similar in result to the excess profits tax?" And under "Education, Science, and Culture, *General Statement*": "How can communication and understanding be effectuated between men of action, contemplation, and the farmer and worker so that a meaningful democracy may be created?" These were only three of the 216 questions Raskin elaborated in his ambitious attempt to establish the basis for a complete restatement of liberalism.

THE Congressmen found Raskin's argument both impressive and persuasive, and they agreed to form a group to analyze the problems he outlined. On the other hand they wanted the group to involve more than discussion. They hoped, as the memo said, that the "Liberal *Syllabus* [a term now replaced by "Liberal Papers"] will be completed in February [1960]. . . . The liberal group . . . will try to gain general . . . support for the program. . . . The *Syllabus*. . . . will [also] serve as a basis for writing a suggested Democratic Party platform for 1960 and as a campaign text for liberal condidates."

But it was clear that to have a completed, usable syllabus by February the group would need outside help. The Congressmen appointed Raskin general secretary (to work in conjunction with Kastenmeier) and gave him permission to contact anyone who in his opinion could prepare a suitable paper. (Any contribution of time or effort made by Raskin or anyone else, had to be voluntary. The Project had no money.)

One thing more was decided: the group would not attempt to establish a large following until it could clarify and state its position; the Project would not allow itself to be "watered down" by increased membership. But if the group thought that a fellow Congressman did agree with its orientation, he would be asked to join.

Between this meeting in May or June of 1959 and the following February, by which time all the papers were to be completed, progress was somewhat haphazard. Raskin got in touch with a large number of intellectuals: some agreed, some declined to write papers. Two of the original Congressional members—Kowalski and McGovern—left the Project for private reasons, but remained interested observers. Somewhat later, seven other Congressmen joined.

The Congressional "half" of the Project rarely met. Individual members were usually given a report of developments informally, or through memos from Raskin or Kastenmeier. Papers were received, but because of enormous difficulties in getting them duplicated, most of them were read only by Raskin and Kastenmeier (and one of Kastenmeier's assistants, Arthur Waskow). James Warburg's analysis of foreign policy was the single paper examined by *all* the Congressmen (this was at a time when the Project had only six members); the group suggested some revisions, and Warburg complied.

Those preparing papers often had no notion of who else was doing so, nor even any notion of the size of the group for which their papers were being prepared. Yet despite the haziness surrounding these aspects of the Project, it began developing a sort of underground reputation in the academic world, and occasionally someone would write in to ask if he might participate. A few intellectuals became extremely interested—David Riesman in particular—and they kept suggesting both additional topics and new writers. By February, forty-six "scholars," as the Project calls them, had agreed to write papers based on the topics listed in Raskin's memo. Among them were H. Stuart Hughes (professor of intellectual history at Harvard University), writing on NATO; Norbert Wiener (mathematician and one of the developers of automation), on automation; John Cogley (former editor of *Commonweal*), on security and human rights; and Harold Taylor (former president of Sarah Lawrence College), on

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the general statement for the section on "education, science, and culture." In addition, several of the country's most famous and influential intellectuals—among them, Hannah Arendt, David Riesman, and Erich Fromm—agreed to write "philosophic statements" redefining liberalism and its role in politics today. (Raskin has recently discussed with a publisher the possibility of collecting these pieces under the title of *The Liberal Papers.*)

But it became clear that a set of papers covering all the original topics listed was hardly likely to be completed by the early part of 1960. The scholars were, not unexpectedly, often tardy—to this date, in fact, only twenty-three papers have been received—and the Congressmen had not enough time to make full use of what already was at hand. There was, accordingly, a shift in thinking about the Project: some members came to regard it as a study group instead of a political action group; yet others saw the change as only a temporary maneuver.

With the group developing, an official public announcement had to be made at some time. The Congressmen decided to release the Warburg paper—though not as their consensus of opinion on foreign policy. For one thing, six new members had joined the Project after the Warburg paper had already been discussed; and, in addition, there seems to have been some disagreement concerning the validity of Warburg's analysis. Thus, the Congressmen decided to release the paper as the first in a series of studies "sponsored" by the Project.

They also agreed to James Roosevelt's suggestion that the Project hold four informal meetings—one each on foreign policy; economic and industrial policy; education, science, and culture; and, finally, on the redefinition of liberalism. At these meetings scholars would first present their ideas; their presentation would be followed by discussion between the scholars and the Congressmen; and this dialogue in turn would be followed by questions from journalists invited for the occasion by Raskin and Kastenmeier.

The first meeting, on foreign policy, was held May 23; the last, on the redefinition of liberalism, June 13. The Project released Warburg's paper the day of the first meeting, the Monday that happened to follow the U-2 incident and the collapse of the summit. The press release accompanying the Warburg paper analyzed its relation to these world events as follows: "The statement represents an . . . analysis of our foreign policy which we offer . . . to stimulate debate and honest discussion in the formulation of a new American foreign policy. It is not inspired by recent events such as the failure of the summit meeting and the contradictory policies followed by the Administration in the handling of the U-2 incident. These events, however, have supplied the final proof—if any such proof were needed—that this nation's foreign policy needs serious study and new direction so that it will be relevant to the conditions which exist in the world today." But how this paper was to be used—who were the debaters it would stimulate—was left unclear; and this unclarity reflected the Project's essential indecision as to whether it exists to act or simply to study.

THE eleven Congressmen who now make up the Liberal Project are on the average about ten years younger than their fellow Representatives. Eight of the Project's members are freshmen; two of the other three (all third-termers)—James Roosevelt, California; and Frank Thompson, Jr., New Jersey—only joined the Project this year, approximately seven months after it got under way. Other new members are James G. O'Hara, Michigan (the youngest in the Project: thirty-three); Clem Miller, California (the third of the Project members from that state); Wiliam Moorhead, Pennsylvania; and Leonard Wolf, Iowa. Geographically, the South is the only unrepresented section of the country.

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The Project's Congressmen come from both conservative and liberal districts—some had easy campaigns, some difficult ones. William Meyer, the pacifist from Vermont (which elects only one representative at large), ran on a platform of ending atom bomb tests and recognizing Red China. In contrast, William Moorhead, a party candidate in an overwhelmingly Democratic district in Pennsylvania, ran practically no campaign at all. But most of the Congressional members of the Project based their campaigns on ideas calling for some major re-examination of American policy, domestic or foreign; they have united in the Liberal Project to broaden this examination, and to bring to it both an intellectual and political consistency.

For some of these Congressmen, membership in the Project reinforces their political image—it certifies the identity they have for their constituents. Byron Johnson, for example, the other pacifist in the group, has also been a professor of economics. Thus his background classifies him as an intellectual, and his constituents probably are not bothered by his participating in a Congressional group of liberals sponsoring independent studies of national policy. Nor would they be angered if Johnson and the group attempted to influence a larger group of Congressmen in their direction, or tried to legislate specific policies or helped influence the formulation of the party's national platform.

But membership in the Project brings no such gain for everyone. Clem Miller, who has been attempting unsuccessfully to inform his conservative district in California of the problems of automation which it may soon face, does take a small chance by belonging to the Project. And others in the Project incur Miller's risk rather than Johnson's gain. Regardless of their constituents, however, all of the Project's members may be taking another kind of political risk. Miller has suggested that in Congress it is always more dangerous to belong to a ten- or twelve-man group than to belong to no group at all: a group of eleven has no power; it only brings attention to its members.

What the Project undeniably gives to its participants is "social support." For a Congressman who works hard and is often in the minority because of his politics, the knowledge that there are other Congressmen like him with whom he can work, is a substantial psychological gain. True, one member of the Project remarked that what a few of his associates took to be an enormous battleship seemed to him a very small cork riding a big ocean; and another referred somewhat disparagingly to the Project's political ambitiousness, and its intellectual pretentiousness—yet both remain members. Primarily these Congressmen stay because of their individual political positions and the necessity they see for broad, liberal legislation; some stay, it is clear, because they truly want new ideas. But they also stay because to be in the group, for most, is to feel less isolated.

THE Congressmen themselves believe that as a political force the liberal Congressman is less isolated in the United States now than he was five or ten years ago. Most of them do not think that a Liberal Project could have been created much before this year: McCarthyism, with its pronounced anti-intellectuality and anti-individualistic political standards, would have had liberals in the House too frightened to form such a group. Several of the Congressmen also argue that the scholar "half" of the Project would not have joined so eagerly. Again, McCarthyism is one reason. A second argument is that intellectuals—five or ten years ago—did not see that the whole structure of American politics, including the government and its machinery, was becoming less and less representative of American ideals and perhaps of Americans themselves. Many of the Congressmen in the Project take its existence as a sign that the liberal voice now speaks with more assurance.

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Yet not all the Congressmen agree with one another as to what the Liberal Project should be doing, and on one important problem they obviously disagree: the Project's purpose. The alternatives, as I have already indicated, are simple: a political action group vs. a study group. Until the present, despite the early hopes of all the members, the Project has been a study group—now some of the Congressmen speak of a five- or ten-year project during which liberal Congressmen and intellectuals will come together for mutual clarification and the slow development of programmatic legislation, to be offered only after the Project has gained considerable public support. Until then, one Congressmen said, "As soon as the Liberal Project becomes a political action group, I will leave it."

The opposing position holds that the group should expand to form a bloc of fifty or seventy-five Congressmen and press immediately for specific, less programmatic legislation. The new ideas offered to the Project by intellectuals, they argue, could be incorporated later; the need now is "to make some political hay."

Between these unambiguous alternatives is a series of actions not clearly in one direction or the other. Some members of the Project still think it possible to influence the Democratic Study Group by forming the intellectual nucleus of that 120-man body.* Neither the "political action" men nor the "study" men know quite what this move would mean. Their membership in the Project, and perhaps the existence of the Project, depends on how they interpret such possibilities and on how the public responds to the studies released by the Project. But at some point, the Project must formulate its purpose more clearly, and then each member, or potential joiner, will have to estimate and balance the political risk, the psychological gain, and the liberals' strength against his own conception of what something called the Liberal Project should be.

I ATTENDED only the first of the four informal sessions arranged for politicians and intellectuals to meet, finally, face to face. I had thought some gesture toward clarification might emerge from this direct confrontation: how cultural analyses (such as Riesman and Maccoby's "The American Crisis"†) could be made politically relevant, how forty-six papers could be made to mean one whole program, what the purpose and value of the Project's political-intellectual alliance were. For the most part, though, these issues were mentioned only tangentially, and the most discussed topic of the evening was James Warburg's solution to the Berlin situation.

Seven Congressmen attended this first meeting. Two other Project members—Kasem and Roosevelt—were out of town, and one more had been so incensed at the AP's reporting of the Warburg paper (according to the AP it called for recognition of Red China, though the paper's actual wording was "to open the channels of negotiation"), that he indicated he might leave the group.

Matching the Congressional half of the Project were the four invited "scholars": Warburg, Vera Micheles Dean (editor of the Foreign Policy Association), whose paper dealt with American policy in Southeast Asia and Japan, Frank Tannenbaum (professor of history at Columbia University), who had prepared a paper on American policy in Latin America, and Quincy Wright (professor of political science at the University of Virginia), who discussed strengthening the UN. Five reporters, some Congressional staff members, and a few wives completed the audience of about twenty-five.

Opening the meeting Congressman Kastenmeier briefly outlined the Project —"mainly for the reporters," who, he felt,

* A group of liberal Representatives, formed about eight months ago, who hold meetings—not binding on its attendants—to discuss specific legislation.

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might misinterpret a single meeting on foreign policy if they were unaware of the additional discussions that had been planned. Then he suggested that each of the scholars state the gist of their papers, and turned the meeting over to Byron Johnson.

The fact that only the Warburg paper had been available to the audience before the meeting complicated the scholars' presentation. The Congressmen themselves had just received copies of Dean and Tannenbaum's papers earlier in the day, and probably most had been too busy to read them. Quincy Wright's paper had not been reproduced at all—it was likely that only Kastenmeier and Raskin had read it.

Warburg was brief and to the point; Wright spoke leisurely, as if he were addressing a classroom; Dean was sharp and witty; and Tannenbaum spoke haltingly and with passion. Their styles matched their approach: both Warburg and Dean suggested policies in detail, Wright based his analysis on a historical argument that war would result if the world were allowed to "polarize," and Tannenbaum contrasted the discrepancy between America's revolutionary impact as an industrial democracy and its conservative influence as a government.

After they had finished, William Meyer re-emphasized Kastenmeier's remarks. The papers, Meyer said, were only a few of a much larger number which dealt with many other problems, and all the papers were part of a serious attempt by a small group of Congressmen to develop intelligent, liberal legislation with the aid of an independent group of scholars.

Later in the evening, while the reporters kept jostling Warburg as if they and he were panelists on "Meet the Press," and after Warburg irately listed two major differences between Wright and himself, Frank Kowalski, one of the Congressmen no longer a member of the Project, asked: "How are you going to make all of this clear to the people?" He had been interested in and had enjoyed all of what had been said, but, he insisted, how could it be told to the people? They, after all, did the electing and were the ultimate source of the foreign policy changes that had been described.

Johnson, from Colorado, argued that the people were much readier to listen than Kowalski thought; Warburg urged that the evening's points be explained to them again and again; and Vera Dean demurred: how to reach the electorate, she was afraid, though she and Warburg were constantly trying, was, finally, the Congressman's job.

That was the evening. The Liberal Project, which, in both its history and through discussion with its members, had seemed ambivalent—if ambitious—so delineated itself again. What might have seemed to be the beginning of a Fabian movement in America was, in fact, an amorphous group with no hard center, one not yet ready to discuss more than a specific policy. For the group to become a persuasive voice in the determination of policy, its Congressional participants would surely have to be re-elected, decide exactly what the group's objectives were, and proceed to establish either an extended Congressional base or more serious ties between Congressional members and scholars. The Project would also need some money, and it would need to find some formula for permanence.

But the Project's existence, tentative or not, is itself a fact of importance, for, unlike student movements or pacifist-sponsored events, it represents something of an in-group revolt among the professionals themselves. The attempt of eleven Democratic Congressmen to reinvigorate American policy by discussing with forty-six intellectuals changes in that policy may, indeed, be one more indication of a resurgent citizenry in America.

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MILTON HIMMELFARB

Reflections on the Jewish Day School

THE two most striking things about the statistics of Jewish education today are that enrollments are growing faster than the Jewish child population and that the enrollment in day schools is growing even faster. (Day schools should not be called parochial schools, since Jews have no parishes.) More than 42,000 children attend such schools—more than 7 per cent of all children receiving any kind of Jewish education at the moment, and 3 or 4 per cent of all Jewish children of school age. The number and the ratio are likely to continue to rise, at least in the short run. About two-thirds of the schools, with three-quarters of the students, are in the New York area.

The most useful way of classifying the schools is by religious sponsorship and official religious tone, though these can be misleading—more than one Orthodox day school was founded and continues to be operated by people whose real love is the Hebrew language and literature. Nearly all the day schools are Orthodox; the Conservatives have established some congregational and intercongregational schools and are thinking of establishing more, and there are even a few Hebraist and Yiddishist schools in which religion is quite secondary. Some Orthodox schools come as close as they can to the Jewish schools of Poland and Lithuania a hundred years ago, with the minimum of secular studies they can get away with, but the day schools I shall be talking about are those of the various shades of Modern Orthodoxy, so called, and of the Conservative movement.

The supporters of the day schools believe that only their schools can give the kind and amount of Jewish education that a Jew should have and provide the Jewish community with the learned laymen and professionals—rabbis, teachers, and the like—that it needs. They regard the Sunday school, with its thirty or thirty-five sessions a year, each lasting two hours or less, as worse than no education at all, because it encourages the illusion that some education is happening. (A recent nationwide study found that in seven of every ten Sunday schools the children never open a Bible, in Hebrew or English!) Afternoon schools, with their five or six hours a week, including Sunday morning, are held to be not much better. The old Talmud Torah, with its ten hours a week, has all but disappeared, squeezed out by the congregational Sunday and afternoon schools. Day schools offer fifteen to twenty hours of Jewish studies a week, besides general studies, and in that time a child can learn something.

An additional, unstated reason for establishing day schools is to employ as teachers and administrators some of the

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Orthodox seminaries' graduates for whom there are no congregations.

Day-school parents are wonderfully diverse in their motives. Probably most enroll their children simply because they want them to have a sound Jewish education. The rest have other reasons as well: working mothers pleased that the day-school day is an hour or two longer than the public-school day; parents who prefer the day school because it interferes less than the afternoon Jewish school with their children's play and because it leaves Sunday morning free; parents whose first choice would be a Talmud Torah if there were one, and the large group that would prefer a decent public school and find the day school better or less distasteful than a private school. Some decide between day school and private school on grounds like ease of transportation.

The long Jewish romance with the public school is beginning to cool (East European Jewish, not German; the rise of the German Jews preceded the consolidation of the public school in the latter part of the 19th century). I remember my mother telling me how her generation felt: "In Russia the Czar didn't let us go to school. Here they not only let us, they made us." If American Jews have come so far so fast, the public school has helped, and they know it. Yet today more and more Jews are turning to private or to day schools. In part they are disappointed with the public school; in part they are trading up, as the Cadillac salesman says of customers who used to own a Chevrolet.

The disappointment comes from the transformation of more than a few schools that were once reasonably good into blackboard jungles set in asphalt jungles. Even in better public schools—even in the suburbs, where many Jews have moved because the schools are supposed to be better—children who can learn are often not encouraged or are actually discouraged.

In the day schools I observed, the children were learning, and they seemed to be enjoying it. They do well in their regular studies—in the elementary day schools they have a high rate of acceptance to the best public high schools, and in the few day high schools they appear toward the top of the lists of New York State Regents-scholarship winners—and they are much farther ahead in their Jewish subjects than the children in any other kind of Jewish school. (I had taken it for granted that to be admitted to a day school a child had to be intellectually superior. One principal I spoke with denied that that was true of his school, and doubted that it was generally true. In his school, he said, there are some children with an IQ of 95, and they get along; after the second grade his students are grouped by ability. It is the motivation and the atmosphere at home and in the school, he said, that help average children to achieve more—and enjoy it—than is normally considered possible or even fitting in the public schools. How general that is, I do not know. I suspect that if not in the lower grades, then in the higher ones, the childern are of more than average capacity.)

As for the trading up, I think it is of two kinds. The first is a matter of class and style of life. Educated businessmen, professionals, intellectuals, and academics want the best education for their children. Of such parents, some move to communities with a reputation for good public schools, some choose a private school, and some choose a day school. I think of a couple I met a year or two ago, with two children in an Orthodox day school in New York: the man is a graduate of an Ivy League college and a leading law school, the woman of a Seven Sisters college; both are students of the classics; the woman knew Hebrew and the man did not, but his avocation is linguistics and he was teaching himself Hebrew by Davidson-McFayden with the aid of Gesenius-Kautzsch-Cowley.

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This is to be distinguished from a more snobbish kind of social-class motive. A parent feels that what is good enough for Kennedy, Stevenson, and Harriman is good enough for his child, and he has the *cursus honorum* mapped out from the beginning—the right private school, the desirable prep school, an elite college. A day school would be out of the question, even the one with the promotional literature that reads like an invitation to send your child to an American Jewish Eton, only coeducatonal and without the boarding.

As for the second direction that trading up can take, I am less sure, but I think I discern a kind of Jewish imitation of the Catholics, analogous to what may be an Italian imitation of the Irish. I have an impression that Italians—the children and grandchildren of Italian immigrants—as they become more prosperous and more Americanized, are increasingly taking their children out of the public schools and sending them to parochial schools; and since the typical Italian church, significantly, does not have its own school, the children go to the "American" (Irish) parochial school. Historians say that the Irish provided a model for Americanization to the immigrants who came after them. If the parochial school is the right thing for those indisputable Americans the Irish—the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of the Irish immigrants—it must be the right American thing, and therefore the right thing for rising Italians.

Similarly with some Jews. Some of the public schools they see about them are not more American, they are less American than some of the Catholic parochial schools—less middle-class, more foreign, having fewer of the surnames that sound right. Who is more American than the Irish, and does not every Irishman who can afford it send his children to a parochial school? From this point of view, to send Jewish children to day schools is a way of showing that the Jews too feel that they have arrived as Americans.

WHY does there continue to be so much strong Jewish objection to the day schools? The movement's literature is full of complaints about the hostility of many Jews and Jewish institutions, and it constantly shifts from sounding like the wave of the future to sounding like an embattled minority. The very advocates of the day schools usually are quick to say that they would not want their schools to be for more than a minority of Jewish children. It is apparent that they say this not only to disarm criticism, but also because of real uneasiness.

The first major criticism is that the day schools weaken the public schools, a foundation of American democracy. Since the Jews' welfare depends so directly on American democracy, they of all people should not undermine the public school by withdrawing their children and their devotion from it.

The argument is not conclusive. After all, Jews are fewer than 3 per cent of the American population, and it is unlikely that the absence from the public schools of 3 or 4 per cent of that 3 per cent, or even 15 per cent of it, can make a difference nationally, or even much of a difference locally. And why single out the day schools for criticism? Why not criticize private schools too? No one knows exactly, but I should be surprised if there were not rather more Jewish students in private schools than in day schools.

I have asked some people of the kind who are active in the Public Education Association how they reconcile their zeal for the public schools and their dislike of parochial and day schools with the private-school education of their own children. The usual answer is that they are not happy about having to send their children to private schools, that they are working to make the public schools good enough for their grandchildren, and that in a real test like a school-bond referendum, the supporters of parochial schools

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tend to vote against the public schools, while the parents of children in private schools are enlightened.

My guess is that the parents of day-school children are as enlightened and pro-public school as the PEA people, because most Jews are. In New York City last year a proposed bond issue for new schools, chiefly in Negro neighborhoods, was defeated by a combination of Negro indifference or opposition, taxpayer resistance, and, probably, Catholic objection. The Jewish neighborhoods voted for the issue. (I think the Catholics get a raw deal and I am not sure that I would act very differently in their place.)

What some of these critics seem to mean is that to patronize independent schools should be the prerogative of the enlightened and prosperous—like the young duchess on her honeymoon who thought that marriage was much too good for the common people.

The second major criticism of the day school is that in a country like ours, children should be helped to learn by experience to get along with people who are racially, religiously, and ethnically different.

Though day schools do not give their pupils a school experience with children who are not Jewish, the pupils are apt to be taught respect for others quite insistently. There is research to show that an essential part of the defensive ideology of the day schools, hammered home to their students, is an emphasis on American pluralism. A few years ago an astute researcher found that as far as he probed in the direction of ultra-Orthodoxy, the day-school children he interviewed were fully committed to intergroup liberalism, among the other articles of the American Creed.

In a public school the average Jewish child is not likely to get much more of an experience of associating with other kinds of children. When I was in elementary school, experience by itself would have led me to believe that there were two kinds of people in the United States, a Jewish majority and an Italian minority, and a child in that school today would be led to believe the same thing. Public schools are neighborhood affairs, and in the neighborhoods of the cities where most of the Jewish children in America live, there is racial, religious, and ethnic lumpiness. Some neighborhoods have a high concentration of one group, others of another. I doubt that the public schools attended by most Jewish children are also attended by Nordic Protestants in appreciable numbers, and I doubt that the private schools are very different. A friend of mine used to call his son's private school the biggest yeshiva in the United States.

EVERY piece of research I have seen confirms that there is no difference in intergroup attitudes between day-school and other Jewish children, when age, social class, parents' education, and the like are the same. Robert Cohn in *The Sun Also Rises,* who made the Gentiles so uncomfortable, was a Princeton man; he had not, I think, gone to a day school. On the other hand, I know a philosopher, a historian, and a sociologist—all from the same day school—who have taught in various universities at one time or another and who have no problems and cause no problems with Gentiles. (If intergroup experience is thought of in terms of class and culture rather than of race, religion, and ethnicity alone, it can be argued that some day schools are quite broadening. Central day schools—not congregational or local—can bring together the children of near-Hasidim and of the Ivy League-Seven Sisters couple I have mentioned.)

Conversely, there is no hard evidence that day-school children have more positive attitudes toward Jews and Judaism than other children of generally the same background.

Some groups of day-school graduates are rather self-righteous and aggressively pious, but there are others like that who do not come from the day schools, and besides, it is a permanent human type. I

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would not include in this category the day-school graduates at Columbia College who pray together daily, have brought about the introduction of vending machines stocked with kosher sandwiches, and cover their heads. I think that on balance I rather admire them.

A less ideological criticism of the day schools is that sending children to one often exposes both parents and children to a clash of values between home and school, the school being more Orthodox than the home. But that is not uniquely true of day schools. Even in Sunday school, children are often told that Jews should do certain things that their parents do not do. For most children and most parents the pressure is not intolerable. A day school in New York is favored by members of the Israeli consulate because it teaches Hebrew well. To the rabbi's standard caution that his school is Orthodox, one Israeli answered, in Yiddish, "Rabbi, you make a Jew of him; we'll take care of making a *goy* of him." A friend of mine has told me about a secularist who became disgusted with his child's public school and enrolled him in a day school. When my friend asked the secularist whether he was not worried about religious indoctrination, he said, "I would rather be bothered by skullcaps than Christmas trees."

Years ago Bertrand Russell wrote about agnostic parents who give their children the same kind of religious education they had. They have no confidence in what they agree is the cut-flower ethics and culture of agnosticism, and they want their children to develop in the same direction and over the same distance as they. I do not remember what Russell said of this; I suppose he disagreed. Still, it shows that inviting a conflict of values is not necessarily stupid or tragic.

The decision to send a child to a day school depends on the price you are prepared to pay. The cost is not only money —tuition, lunches, transportation, and contributions mount up for each child each year—but also other opportunities forgone. One cost of sending a child to a day school is that he will not be going to a public school; a researcher found, to his surprise, that some day-school parents continue to be unhappy about their child's not being in the public school, because they approve of public schools. For some the day school is a clear bargain, for others it represents an acceptable value-received transaction, still others discover after a year or so that the cost is too high and withdraw their children. Whatever the parents decide, they usually decide rationally and conscientiously. They are prepared to pay the price of their decision.

Prepared, but not resigned. For day-school parents the financial burden, even with the full or partial scholarships that the schools offer to those most in need, is heavy. One would expect these parents and the supporters of the day-school movement to dissent from the official Jewish line against governmental aid to independent schools. What is surprising is not that such dissent has begun to show itself, but that it is so small. Their resentment is directed mainly against most of the federations' refusal to contribute to the support of the day schools, out of loyalty to the public schools. (Occasionally a compromise is reached, like supporting the Jewish but not the general part of the day school's program. I would not like to be the accountant.) They say that if federations support Jewish hospitals, where most of the ward patients and nearly all the clinic patients are not Jews, they should all the more readily support institutions meeting specifically Jewish needs. Instead, the federations discriminate against the day schools.

WHEN a public school has a high proportion of Jewish students, everyone pretends that this is not so and that the school is full of Tom Sawyers and Becky Thatchers.

In England religion is in the state schools—generally an interdenominational Protestantism with an Anglican flavor.

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When the East End was still a heavily Jewish district, the London County Council saw to it that the religion of the East End schools was Jewish. A Christian child's right of abstention was respected as scrupulously as a Jewish child's in a Christian school or a Catholic child's in a Protestant school.

Here we have separation of church and state. We also have Jewish neighborhoods, where the schools have a predominance of Jewish students and even teachers. So Jewish teachers lead their Jewish classes in observing Christmas, and the more conscientious of us try to keep out Hanukkah (poor Hanukkah!) because we do not wish to have a hand in breaching the wall of separation. We have also become pavlovized against the Bible. Jews interviewed by a colleague of mine were unanimously for Christmas carols in the schools and unanimously against Bible reading.

Since the separation principle does not apply in private schools, their Christmas can get very Christmasy: their carols can be not only carols but also hymns, and their plays Nativity plays. In one private school a teacher told her mostly Jewish class about the Virgin Birth. The daughter of a friend of mine was puzzled, because she had learned at home that for a woman to have a baby her husband must first plant the seed. A home-school clash.

Or consider lunches. Private schools generally have few Catholic children, but can have many Jewish children. That does not matter. On Friday fish is served and on one or two of the other days pork, in the good, nonsectarian, American way.

This is inauthentic. It is an evasion, or an attempted evasion, of the important reality that one is a Jew. It is an individualist fallacy to imagine that the Jewish child's attendance at a private school is unrelated to his being a Jew. If only a few of us were college graduates, liberal, advanced, and prosperous, that might be due to outstanding personal virtue and ability, but so many of us are college graduates and all the rest of it that a group factor must be at work. We are not self-made men. We are what we are largely because of who our parents and grandparents were, and what their traditions and circumstances were.

Pedagogically and psychologically, a reality that is important to the child should be at the center of his education. To ignore it or to pretend that it does not exist cannot be good education. Yet thousands of parents who want their children to be well educated, who are sophisticated about mental health, accept or actually welcome the pretense. The Sunday schools they may send their children to are better than nothing, as the Sholom Aleichem character said about his lensless eyeglass frames, but just barely.

As FOR the day schools, I am not sure that they ordinarily provide a sound education.

First of all, for most day-school students intensive Jewish education ends when they enter a public high school. Then they grow up and think they have had a good Jewish education. They are wrong. They have learned some Hebrew, they have studied much of the Pentateuch and some of the Prophets with some of Rashi's commentary, and they have had history and some Talmud and some modern Hebrew literature. At best they have learned what children can learn. What they know and understand of Jewish history, for instance, is comparable to what someone would know and understand of American history if he had last studied it in the eighth grade; a cultivated man who identified American history with what he had studied in elementary school would not believe you if you told him that it could interest anyone with mind. I know a businessman of intellectual tastes who went to an elementary day school. He takes it for granted that Jewish studies are a jumble of scholastic irrelevancies and childish inanities, the Jewish equivalents of the tale about George Washington and the cherry tree. If the Sunday school is

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dangerous because it encourages an illusion of education, the day school may be more dangerous still.

Continued Jewish education would help, of course, but stopping at the eighth grade is not the only flaw.

The day-school movement says it knows the ideal type it wishes to produce. Every educational system has an ideal type in view, explicitly or implicitly: the Greek *kalokagathos,* the Christian gentleman of Thomas Arnold's England, the scholar-saint *talmid hakham* of Jewish tradition. The day-school people say they are trying to educate people among whom *talmide hakhamim* may arise. Their curriculum, like their aim, is the one sanctified by tradition. They add literature and history, they teach less Talmud, their methods are modern, and their PTA's flourish, but basically their curriculum is the same, and even the emphasis is the same. That will not do.

No one in the day schools seems to be asking himself this question: who are these children we are educating, and what are they likely to be when they have grown up? Five years ago in the United States, of all people of college age 27 per cent were in college; of Jews of college age, 62 per cent. The children in the day schools are going to be well educated. They will travel. They will go to the theater, listen to serious music, read. The air they breathe will be the air of the American variant of Western culture. The vice of the day school is that it ignores Western culture.

To be sure, the day schools teach the general subjects. (The so-called integrated day schools alternate Jewish and general subjects, while the others teach one set, usually the Jewish, in the morning, and the other in the afternoon. The general and the Jewish are at best put side by side mechanically, not combined organically.) To be sure, also, it is hard to teach a subject like Jewish history without relating it in some way to the general. No one who had been exposed to Jewish history could be so provincial as to call any favorite international project a crusade—a term sinister for Jews with a historical memory, for Moslems, Greeks, and Slavs, and probably for others as well. Still, the day schools do not really make the connection between the Jewish and the general, or the Western.

ANYONE brought up in Western culture knows with his mind and senses the intimate association of Christianity with the greatest thought and art. In any museum or in the streets of any city in Europe, he sees the glories of Christian architecture. Music, literature, philosophy—all have the Christian mark. It is easy for a Jew, whatever his Jewish education, to feel that by contrast Judaism is second-rate, irrelevant; and not only in the United States or England or France, but in Israel too. I. F. Baer, in his *Yisrael ba-'ammim* ("Israel Among the Nations"), felt it necessary to insist to his Hebrew University students not merely that the Jewish tradition can stand comparison with the Greek—one could understand a not very godly generation doubting that—but more especially that Judaism can stand comparison with Christianity. Jewish education has to be defensive, everywhere. That is our condition. And the best defense is to connect.

We go to the movies, and there is the inevitable scene where the minister intones something over an open grave or recites something from the pulpit. Most Jews take it for granted that "I am the resurrection and the life" and "The Lord is my shepherd" and "He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High" are all equally Christian. The last two are from Psalms, but I am convinced that most Jews do not know that the Psalms are Jewish. Or we hear Handel's "Messiah" and assume that the text is Christian, when the bulk of it is from Psalms and the second part of Isaiah. The day-school graduate is only a little more likely than a Sunday-school graduate to know that. He probably did not study Psalms or the second part of

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Isaiah. The old-world Jewish curriculum did not cover the whole Bible; you could read the Prophets and Writings at your leisure, when you were resting briefly from the serious job of studying the Talmud. Besides, Psalms and the second part of Isaiah are hard in Hebrew. If, by chance, a day-school student has read (and understood) a psalm as part of the liturgy, he is unlikely to recognize it in English.

The day-school people believe that every Jewish subject, at least, should be taught in Hebrew. They would be horrified at the suggestion that parts of the Bible might be read in English, whether to encourage an acquaintance with books or parts of books ordinarily avoided because of the difficult Hebrew or to emphasize the connection with Western culture. In this they are more extreme than some Israelis. Professor S. D. Goitein has suggested that in the United States an exclusive insistence on Hebrew may stand in the way of a better knowledge of the Bible. But Hebrew continues to prevail, and the language often overpowers the content. I should be surprised if Leviticus 19:18 and Deuteronomy 6:5—which everybody knows are from the New Testament (I am being ironical)—were commonly treated differently from, say, Leviticus 20:18 and Deuteronomy 16:5.

Talmud is taught even worse. In some schools girls are not allowed to study Gemara; Mishnah and midrash are all right for them, but not Gemara. As I understand it, this brilliant arrangement derives ultimately from Yeshiva University and proximately from its feeder high schools, Yeshiva wishing to appease the ultras. (But the Modern Orthodox are sometimes given to fits of atavism on their own. A recent issue of their rabbinical journal, *Tradition,* had a disquisition which concluded that it is probably illicit to use hot water from the tap on the Sabbath.) The matter of the Talmud that is taught in the day schools is what has been taught always and everywhere, only less. The manner in which it is taught is the vacuum, quite without connection.

And yet there are so many opportunities for establishing a connection between the two cultures, if I may be allowed to give C. P. Snow's phrase a different meaning: in Bible, history (general and Jewish), literature, and music, obviously; in the foreign languages of the general high-school curriculum; even in Hebrew grammar, which after all is part of Western humane learning (none of the five Hebrew grammarians I mentioned earlier was a Jew).

The day school has the merit that it teaches some Torah, accustoms its students to prayer, is serious about intellect, and spares some able children the insipidities they might otherwise be condemned to. It equips its students with useful tools, like Hebrew, even if it often does not distinguish clearly enough between fluency in Hebrew as an end and fluency as a means. Its fault is that it does not really teach *Torah 'im derekh eretz,* which in our time must mean Jewish learning that connects with the rest of culture.

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ARTHUR GRANIT

Come into the Hallway, for 5 Cents!

ONCE upon a time, we Jews had a Princess, named Berenice, who was affianced to the Emperor Titus. Bedecked in her jewels, attended by her slaves, and with gongs and cymbals clashing, this Jewish Princess made her appearance in the court of Rome, only to find that the King of the Romans had gone mad. For the Emperor Titus insisted there were flies buzzing in his ears. How the Jews throughout the Roman Empire must have prayed for this marriage! But it was not to be.

Once upon a time, we, too, had a Berenice, who was affianced to a king among men. Bedecked in a housedress, her stockings bulging with money, this Berenice appeared in Usher's house in Brownsville, only to find her king had flies in his nose! There the parallel ends.

* * *

My friend, Usher, had an aunt, named Berenice, on his mother's side. I suppose you might call her "simple." The story was told that when she came to America she was naturally examined by the immigration authorities.

"Do you suffer from epilepsy?" asked the official. She did not answer.

"Do you suffer from epilepsy?" asked the official again.

"Your honor," she said, "I do not understand."

"Do you have the 'falling sickness'?" repeated the official.

"Sure," she said, "I fall."

"You do?" said the official.

"Sure, in the winter when I walk on the ice, I fall."

"Pass her," said the official.

As "simple" as she was, that is how beautiful she was. An olive skin, with almond-shaped eyes that slanted ever so slightly upward at the ends. You sat and searched and searched and saw a thousand things in those eyes, that is, until you realized that there was nothing there. Her nose was straight and ended in the most fascinating nostrils that seemed to quiver constantly. And you watched spellbound, thinking that the quivering expressed a profound sensitivity until it dawned on you that her nose moved for everything from soup with almonds to soup without almonds; such was the gamut of her philosophy. As for her lips, adorable as they were, housing the straightest, whitest teeth you ever did see, everything was as raisins and almonds until she opened them up. And then, all illusion, all hope was destroyed. Yes, she was a true Oriental beauty.

"I'm here!" she would announce as she would sit herself down in the kitchen and begin to cry.

"What are you crying about?" Usher's father would ask.

"Idiot," Usher's mother would answer, "she wants to get married."

"That's easy," Usher's father would say.

"In Bayonne, it's not so easy!" Berenice would say.

"What's wrong with Bayonne?" Usher's father would say.

"There are no men in Bayonne. All the men are in New York!"

I am afraid she was not very particular. She would sit outside Usher's house and watch the crowds go by and say to Usher's

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ARTHUR GRANIT's first published story appeared in COMMENTARY, in September 1955. His recent novel, *The Time of the Peaches* (Abelard-Schuman), was discussed at length by Theodore Solotaroff in our June number.

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mother, "Look at that one with his fine long nose. Such character in that nose. A real professor!" Or else, she would say, "Look at that one—the small one, with that tiny bit of a nose. Oh! What a darling he is! Such excitement in that nose! Such life!" And then suddenly she would cry out, "Oh! I'm dying! What a nose that one was that went by! A sort of in-between one! Not too big! Not too little! Just right! A prince among men!"

Usher and I decided she was crazy.

"Usher," she would say, "I'm here! Sit down!"

Usher would sit down.

"I want you to write me a letter," she would say as she opened her enormous handbag, so enormous it was that it almost looked like a market bag, and then turning to Usher's mother, would add, "Everything goes on in Bayonne. The stories I could tell you about that place!"

Then she would take out a post card and a pencil, hand them over to my hero, Usher, and say, "Write!"

"What should I write?" my hero would ask.

"Say that Mrs. Beinstock is carrying on with the man who takes care of her stove!"

My friend, Usher, would write.

"Add to the bottom," she would say, "that the stove is not the only thing he's taking care of!"

Usher wrote. "Where should I send it?"

"Send it to the FBI!"

Usher wrote.

"Next!" she would say as she took out another post card. "Say in this one that Schwartzkopf is making whisky in his bathtub!"

Usher wrote. "Where should I send it?"

"To the FBI, of course! Where else?" she would say handing Usher a nickel. "Thank God for the FBI!"

"Have some bread; I made it myself," Usher's mother would say.

And then taking the bread, our Oriental beauty would say, "Everything is better in Brownsville! Even the bread!"

ONE fine morning, there appeared in Usher's house a new boarder. Bounding up the stairs two at a time, he burst into the kitchen carrying the "Furnished Room to Let" sign.

"You gotta room?"

"Front. Very clean," answered Usher's mother.

"I'll take it!" said the man.

"Don't you want to take a look, first?"

"Nah, I don't have to look!" he said as he walked in and took possession.

I noticed he carried no luggage.

"What a nice young man," said Usher's mother. "He makes such a fine appearance!"

Immediately, from the front room, there came the sound of someone banging rhythmically, and soon there followed a "One! Two! Three! One! Two! Three!"

"What's goin' on dere?" cried Usher as he raced into the front room.

And there was the new boarder in his underwear, moving his arms up and down, bending at the knees, exercising to beat the band.

"Look!" said Usher.

Then the boarder did a few more bends, stood on his head, and looped his body in the air in a quick somersault.

"He's great! The greatest we ever had! The greatest of them all!" cried Usher. And so, my friend Usher and myself found a new hero in Benyomin. We would sit enthralled in the boarder's room as he went through his exercises. One! Two! Three! One! Two! Three! And while the boarder would remove his shirt, the better to show his muscles, we would sit with mouth open, watching the fine motions of his musculature. One! Two! Three! One! Two! Three!

First, he would work his arms, and we could see his enormous biceps rise and fall. One! Two! Three! Then, he would work his shoulders as his magnificent flesh would crawl with animation and life. One! Two! Three! And while the sweat from his armpits and neck would run down his hairy chest, he would heave, thrust, and practically burst his ribs for us, as we would look at this wonder of wonders, this prince among men. One! Two! Three! Then, he would tighten the muscles of his limbs into hard knots and lift Usher, or myself, onto his shoulders. One! Two! Three! And as our heads touched the ceiling, George Washington and Louie the Lip and every hero we ever had, went down the drain. Two! Three! One!

We could not do enough for our boarder. We would sweep his room and fix his bed.

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We would tie his shoelaces and polish his shoes. When he entered the house, we would hasten to remove his coat. We would run the water for him in the bathtub and would sit with him while he bathed, handing him his towel and covering him with his bathrobe so that he would not catch cold. And when he was finished, we would clean the tub out after him.

"Say, kids," he would say, "get outta here! I gotta use the toilet."

And we would stay outside the bathroom door while we could hear him moaning and groaning on the inside.

And when he came out, we would say, "Benjy, did you go good today?"

For everything about him was of the utmost concern to us. And my friend Usher, in the midst of playing ball, would suddenly remember Benyomin and say, "Benjy didn't sleep good last night; he wasn't snoring. He snores every night; last night I didn't hear a peep out of him."

He was, indeed, the greatest thing that had ever entered our lives.

"Avrum," cried Usher's mother to her husband, "he's wonderful; so young, so full of life!"

"A bum!" said Usher's father.

He was the greatest, the greatest of them all. One! Two! Three!

STRANGELY enough, it was not only Usher's father who delivered such a cynical observation on Benyomin. I remember Miriam, our next-door neighbor, was visiting Usher's mother in the kitchen when the boarder passed through to his bedroom. Passed through, did I say? He passed through, took one look at the beautiful Miriam, and stayed without saying a word. Electricity was flying through the air.

"What's the matter, Benjy? You sick?" asked the worried Usher. "You want some medicine?"

And there he stood, a changed man. His movements, slow and graceful. His eyes looking through narrow slits. And oh! how sad he seemed, yet, how strangely happy. And without saying a word, as if in a dream, he poured her a glass of tea in slow motion.

"Thank you," she said, "but I do not want any tea."

Slowly, insinuatingly, like a cat, he took out a cigarette and offered her one.

"Thank you," she said, "I don't smoke."

Lightning was flashing! Thunder was rolling in the kitchen!

And then, as if impelled by inner voices, he put his strong hands on her wedding band and twisted the ring around. With great fury, her eyes flashing, she pulled her hand away.

"Ah," he said banging his fists against the muscles of his thigh, "one can live, but they don't let you!"

Soon, there emanated the rhythmic noises of his exercises from the bedroom.

"Isn't he wonderful? Did you ever see such a man?" cried Usher's mother. "Did you ever see such life, such energy, such joy!"

"He's no good," said Miriam in a flat voice as she turned to leave.

But, of course, everyone knew Miriam was stupid.

It happened that Usher's aunt Berenice appeared one day when the boarder was exercising in his bedroom.

"What's this?" cried the amazed Berenice as the floor of the kitchen began to shake. "Is this a crazy-house?"

"Sh!" said Usher. "It's the new boarder, he's exercising!"

"You should see him!" cried Usher's mother. "A joy! A happiness! A treasure!"

"Usher, darling, dear," said his aunt opening up her large bag, "here's a nickel. Call him out!"

"Give Benjy another five minutes," said Usher pocketing the coin. "He's gotta finish the exercise!"

One! Two! Three! How the floor did shake! How the windows rattled! How even the plaster in the walls rumbled!

"What's he so quiet for?" asked the aunt as the noise stopped.

"Breathing exercises," said Usher.

"Exercises for breathing?" cried the astonished Berenice. "Who needs to exercise breathing?"

And there was Benyomin suddenly standing in the kitchen and breathing with all his might and main.

"My sister," said Usher's mother.

"Pleased to meet you," said Benyomin.

I noticed the loud and garrulous Berenice standing as if struck dumb.

"Benjy boy," said Usher, "show my aunt an exercise!"

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The boarder moved his arm.

"What did I tell you?" cried Usher to his aunt. "And it's real!"

"I can't believe it!" said Berenice.

"Believe it! Believe it!" cried Usher and then turning to Benyomin, he said, "Benjy, can I feel dat muscle in your arm?"

"Go ahead, kid," said the obliging Benyomin. "Feel!"

And now, we, Usher and myself and his aunt Berenice were at Benyomin's arm checking on that muscle.

"Hit me in the stomach," said Benyomin. "Go ahead, hit me!"

And then, we, including the aunt, began to hit him in the stomach.

"Harder! Harder!" he cried.

I hurt my fists banging him in the stomach.

"Feel that thigh!" he ordered.

And now, we, including the amazed aunt, were examining the muscles of his thigh.

"That's all for today, folks," said our athlete as he retreated into the bedroom.

"What did I tell you?" asked Usher's mother. "Such a dream! Such a diamond! Such a joy!"

"I swoon from ecstasy," said Berenice. "Such character in that nose! I'm smitten! A prince among men! I'm moving in!"

It came to pass that Usher's father brought home a dog.

"A dog!" exclaimed Usher's mother. "I don't have enough to clean, I've got to clean from a dog, too!"

"He's got a dog-brain, that's the reason he brings home a dog!" said Berenice stretched out on the couch, preparing to go to bed. "If it were a dog, this is not a dog."

I looked and saw that Berenice was right. The head was one dog, the tail was another, the legs were a third. He was all mixed-up.

And would you not think this dog would be only too glad to find a home? Would you not? But this stupid dog, the moment Usher took his hand off his neck and turned his back, took off across the kitchen floor in a flash, his nails scratching on the linoleum floor and ran whining to the door, crying. Not only a mutt, but a real cry-baby, too.

"I ain't lettin' him escape! The last dog we had ran out of the door and never came back. Here, Brownie! Have some milk. It's good for your intestines," said Usher as he proceeded to tie the dog to the drainpipe under the kitchen sink.

That night, a great snore rose in Usher's house. There was Usher's father snoring a kind of long steady snore without any interruptions. There was Usher's mother snoring a tired, staccato one that came out like machine gun fire, ceased and then began all over again. Then Usher, a whizz that seemed to rattle from the throat. Then Benyomin the Magnificent, a beautiful sonorous sound that came out like a clear bell, or like the cantor's singing in the synagogue. And then, Berenice on the couch, loud but nervous (and she was to have plenty to be nervous about). As for Brownie, he did not snore, he was awake.

"Help! Help!" cried Berenice.

And everybody came rushing out in his long underwear to the screaming Berenice.

"Berenice, my darling, my dear!" cried Usher's mother. "What happened?"

"What happened?" cried the frantic Berenice, clutching her enormous handbag. "What didn't happen! I was asleep on the couch, when I dreamt somebody was over me and putting his face toward my cheek. And when I awoke, sure enough, there was somebody, or something, over me, and would you believe it, he was licking my face!"

"I don't believe it!" said Benyomin in astonishment.

"Fool! Since when is that something to scream about!" smiled Usher's father and then looking at Benyomin knowingly, added, "Next time, if someone kisses you, don't scream; kiss him back!"

"What do you mean since when is that something to scream about? Of course, it's something to scream about!" cried Berenice.

"If you gotta scream, scream about something worthwhile!" said Usher's father from the bedroom.

"It was Brownie," said Usher.

"Who's 'Brownie'?" asked Berenice.

"Don't you know who Brownie is? Brownie's our dog."

"I shouldn't know from a harmful disease; that's how much I know from 'Brownie'!"

"Look!" said Usher. "Come into the kitchen! Dat dog tore the string in half and ran out of the kitchen! He was doin' all the kissin'!"

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"A dog kissing me!" cried Berenice in disgust wiping the palm of her hand against her face and looking in Benyomin's direction. The prince began to laugh!

"Oh!" screamed Berenice as she raised her hands to cover her bosom and ran to the couch, still holding on to her bag. "I'm undressed!"

The prince laughed even more heartily.

Then Usher grabbed the dog, slapped him once or twice across the face and said: "You dumb dog, I'm gonna teach you! When I get through with you, you'll be the best watchdog in the world. Now, here's another cord. And this one, you won't be able to break loose from! What's the matter with you? Ain't you got no brains—kissin' dat Berenice!"

"False alarm! It was a false alarm!" he shouted as he prepared to go back to bed.

"Put out the lights and go to sleep!" cried his father from the bedroom. "Respectable people don't stay up all night. This is a respectable house!"

"Help! Help! Help!" screamed Berenice. "I've been robbed! Somebody has taken away my money!"

They were all there in their long underwear again.

"My money! My money! Somebody has stolen my money!"

"Money! Somebody stole your money!" cried Usher's father frightened.

Money was a serious matter.

"I work hard!" she cried. "I slave in the shop! Where else would I expect to be safe? Not in Bayonne, but here! And here, even here in Brownsville, there are thieves crawling about! Look! Look! Look at my empty pocketbook!"

And sure enough, the pocketbook was completely empty.

"How much money did you have?" cried the wide-awake father, who was really a philosopher when he slept but did not know it.

"Four hundred thirty-two dollars and twenty-seven cents!"

"What?" cried the wide-awake mother, who was really dum-dum bullets when she slept but did not know it.

"So much money!" exclaimed Benyomin the Magnificent, who was the widest awake of all, and who was a cantor when he slept but did not know it.

"How can you trust the bank?" cried the FBI, now alerted.

And there in their underwear, their knees shivering in the cold, they all knew she was right, for the débâcle of one great bank was something everyone on our street had felt.

Then Usher, who was really nothing at all when he slept, bent down and picked up a dollar bill and gave it to Berenice who immediately threw it into her empty pocketbook.

"The crooks left one behind," he said.

And then, suddenly the distraught Berenice began screaming at Usher, "I know! Here is the one who took the money! Last week, I gave him a nickel, and he wouldn't give it back! He's the thief!"

The eyes of his mother's face opened up; her hands became molded into fists.

"Search the monster!" cried Berenice.

Search the monster. What could you search? Poor Usher was standing in his underwear as it was.

"Torture the thief! Find out where he hid the loot! I swear I'll squeeze the truth out of him!"

And then, reluctantly, Usher's mother began to shake my friend, Usher.

"I didn't steal no money!" he began as the tears quickly formed in his eyes and began racing down his cheeks like Niagara. "She's crazy. Why should I steal her money? I ain't no crook!"

"Stop!" interrupted Usher's father. "Unhand that child! This is no way to treat a human creature! The child has his rights, too!"

And the mother retreated, only too glad to do so.

"Kill the beast! Kill him! He stole my money!" cried Berenice.

"Let me handle it," said the father, brushing them all aside with a wide sweep of the hand and turning to Usher, added, "Sit down! Over here!"

The "beast" sat down on the couch.

"He's liable to steal the only dollar I have left!" cried the crazed Berenice as she grabbed her bag away from him. "I won't even have carfare to go back to Bayonne!"

"Let me look into his eyes," said the father. "I can tell if he took it, just by looking."

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And so, Usher's father looked while they all stood about with bated breath, waiting without a sound. Not only did he look, but he looked and looked.

Then falling back, the father gave forth a sigh.

"Well?" demanded Berenice as she released her breath.

"I can't tell. But there's no question there is something hidden in those eyes!"

Now, Benyomin the Magnificent stepped forward.

"Let me try," he said.

Usher's father stepped aside.

"Stand up, Usher!" said the Magnificent as he began to motion with his arms. "Would you like to do some exercises with me?"

Usher nodded his head in silence.

"That's where the real brain lies!" said Usher's mother referring to our boarder and looking angrily at her husband.

And so, Benyomin and Usher, Usher and Benyomin, began to exercise. One! Two! Three! Arms out! Arms in! Leg out! Leg in! And as they exercised, the tears fell from Usher's face to his neck and down his chest under his underwear.

Then Benyomin gently said, "Usher boy, did you take the money?"

Cascading waterfalls! Summer rain! Rivulets and brooks!

"Usher boy," he repeated, "the money! Did you take the money?"

"No," persisted my friend, Usher, "I didn't take no money! I ain't no crook!"

"He didn't take the money," said Benyomin turning to Berenice.

"Then who did?" cried Berenice.

Benyomin turned to Usher, "Who took the money, Usher? The truth, now."

My friend, Usher, tightened his muscles, closed his eyes, drew in his breath, and said as quickly as he could:

"You took the money!"

"You're kidding!" cried Benyomin, aghast.

And now, everyone turned to face our Benyomin.

And here, I must interrupt. I'm not going to apologize for Usher. I know he took the easy way out. But put yourself in his place. Would you be any better? There was Benyomin, the strong, handsome Benyomin. Surely, he could go to the electric chair better than Usher. And if you love someone, such as Usher loved Benyomin, should not the one you love help you out in an emergency once in a while? After all, what is the sense of loving someone, unless he can do you a favor? And if you do not have a big brother, and a "brother" like Benyomin enters your life to fill in the empty spaces, should he not fight for you when you are in trouble? After all, whom else can you get into trouble but the one you love? The one you hate will not let you. And not so oddly enough, the treatment a Benyomin the thief would get, would not exactly be the same as an Usher the thief would get. And so, it happened, as you will see.

"Benyominal, darling! You're not the thief, are you?" asked the incredulous mother, all sugar and spice.

"The kid's crazy!" exclaimed Benyomin.

"Good people! Wonderful people! Friends! Neighbors!" cried Berenice suddenly springing to life and standing up. "It must be told! Let everyone hear! This money was my dowry! I worked and worked to save it up, so that I could go to my husband with respect and with dignity! After all, why shouldn't a good Jewish girl bring her husband some money to help out! A few extra dollars never hurt anyone. Since it was my dowry, and since Benyomin took it, I'm willing to forgive and forget. And here, I want everyone to listen closely. Usher darling, are you listening?"

My friend, Usher, was slinking away into the kitchen.

"I'm listening, dear aunt Berenice," he said returning into the parlor.

"Listen, everybody! Listen, extra special! My Benyomin can have the money! I give it to him as a dowry!" continued Berenice, now all smiles, as Usher began to turn all colors.

"What's the matter, Usher?" cried his mother.

"I think I'm going to vomit!" said Usher.

"Don't vomit! Listen to your aunt Berenice!" said his mother, and then turning a beaming face to Benyomin, said, "It looks as if we're going to dance at somebody's wedding! I'm going to break that floor dancing!"

"Nobody is dancing at my wedding, yet!" said Benyomin, a little frightened, his breath heaving, his shoulders caving in.

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"Benyominal, darling! I love you like my own son!" said Usher's mother. "I want to break dishes at your wedding! You got the dowry already! We trust you! Only give us the wedding!"

When at that very, very moment, what do you think happened? There was that stinking mutt Brownie entering the room from the kitchen with a batch of the green stuff in his mouth.

"Look!" cried Usher, "the dog!"

"My money!" cried Berenice as she made for the dog's mouth and tore out her hard-earned dollar bills.

Now, it became clear. Money lay on the kitchen floor. There was money under the couch, under drainpipes and radiators, under tables and chairs. A dollar bill here. A five dollar bill there. Money! Money! Everywhere!

Now Berenice began to scream. And everybody, for the next half hour, showed his back to life, as he got on his knees to help find that green stuff: Usher's father, Usher's mother, Benyomin, and Usher, himself. And as each bill was found, they turned it over to the frenzied Berenice who counted and threw it into her bag. It seemed as if it would never end.

"Well?" asked Usher's father. "Do you have enough? My knees are falling off!"

"The twenty-seven cents is missing!" said Berenice.

They continued to search. I think they spent more time looking for the twenty-seven cents than for the other four hundred and thirty-two dollars until Usher went over to the dog and cried,

"Brownie, come over here! Where is the twenty-seven cents? Where did you hide the money?"

And Brownie sniffed the air, and wagged his tail, and pawed the linoleum in the living room.

"Where, Brownie? Where did you put the twenty-seven cents? Did you put it under the sink?"

And Usher ran to the sink and looked, but there was no money.

"Did you put it in the stove?"

And Usher ran to look in the stove, but there was no money.

"In the toilet, maybe? Did little Brownie put the money in the toilet?"

And Usher ran into the bathroom, and sure enough, there lay the twenty-seven cents on the bathroom floor.

Then Usher banged the dog in the face with his hand and said, "You dirty crook! That'll teach you a lesson!"

"Let's go to bed," cried Usher's father, "it's enough for one night!"

And Berenice began to extract her money from her pocketbook.

"Pocketbooks are not safe, anymore!" she said, as she raised her nightgown and began to push the money down her stocking while Benyomin the Magnificent looked slyly from the corner of his eye. Then when she could not fit in any more, she began to push the money down the stocking of her other leg. And when this failed her, she started to fill up the bosom of her nightgown.

"To bed! To bed!" cried Usher's father, putting out the light.

That night, Brownie made his getaway.

And, so, Usher's aunt, Berenice, on his mother's side, was now a sort of walking pay-station. When she had to pay her rent, she dug. When she had to give Usher a nickel for running some errand, she went for it in the most outlandish places. And then, she was always embarrassing you by feeling to see if her assets were intact. Thus, the Berenice that had existed before, was still there, only more so. Yet, no one in Usher's house, or on our street, for that matter, felt that she was doing the wrong thing by carrying her money on her person, for they had all lived through an unhappy experience with a bank, all as one.

There had once stood a great bank on one of our streets. It had marble columns, and porticoes, and piazzas. On the front of this bank hung its name, in marble, of course. "Bank of the United States" it was called, or at least, its real name was almost as good.

"How can such a bank fail?" cried the Jews of our street. "It's America's own bank!"

Recommendation, good enough. Is it not?

And as if the entire civilized world had been culled for the enlightenment of our Jews, murals, depicting Hammurabi, the Phoenicians, and Benjamin Franklin, hung on its walls. Yes! There was even one of Moses beckoning his Jews across the Red Sea.

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"How can such a bank fail?" cried the Jews of our street. "Moses, himself, asks you to come across!"

A real production.

And as if this was not enough, the tellers in their marble cages all had straight noses and spoke in whispers when they took your money.

"How can such a bank fail?" cried the Jews of our street. "It's a pleasure to give them the money! They take it with such respect!"

Take my money. And give me a whisper in return.

But when this bank failed, it was not whispers that were heard. There were loud raucous cries. There was screaming!

And so, Usher's aunt, Berenice, went about with her dignity unquestioned.

It happened one night that Usher and I came running up into his house. Finding the kitchen empty, Usher began to attack the icebox, and finally tiring of this, he said:

"Where's dat Benjy boy? He isn't exercising today. I'm going in to say 'hello' to him and see what's going on with his muscles!"

When from the boarder's room there came the sound of a woman squealing in laughter.

"What's this?" cried Usher. "Something new, here?"

And leading me by the arm, we went into the hallway and quietly climbed up the metal ladder to the roof.

It was cold and dark up there. And from the open skylight of Benyomin's room, there came a bright light that lit up the roof like a jack-o-lantern.

"Do you hear anything?" whispered Usher, putting his ear to the skylight.

"No, I don't hear a sound!"

"Dat Benjy is wasting my old man's heat with his skylight open that way? Do you see anything?"

I put my eye to the corner of the open skylight and looked. My head was twisted and my neck was forced into an uncomfortable position, when with one eye, I could make out a piece of our boarder and help! help! would you believe it! another piece of Berenice and both pieces were put together like one as Berenice sat on our boarder's lap. And Benyomin had one hand extended about her waist, while the other was pawing her thigh, just where her stockings ended.

I fell back, shocked, that our Benjy could do such a thing, when Usher proceeded to contort his head and place his eye to the opening in the skylight.

"That dirty Benjy!" cried Usher as he fell back in astonishment. "Kissing a girl! That no-good traitor!"

Like the dead weight of a hammer was this traitorous blow to Usher.

"Usher, darling, finish your breakfast!" said his mother.

"I ain't hungry!"

"Eat! Don't those bananas and cream look delicious?" said his mother.

"I ain't hungry."

"Ain't hungry? You must be sick. Castor oil, it'll be!"

Usher fled from the kitchen.

Like a bad dream that had to be blotted out.

"How's Benjy boy?" I asked by mistake one day.

"What boy are you talkin' about?" said Usher.

"You know—Benjy boy!"

"I don't know nobody by that name!" said Usher.

"You don't know nobody by that name! What's the matter? You sick in the head or something! Don't you know Benjy boy—your boarder?"

"We ain't got no boarder by that name!" insisted Usher as he turned away.

Even the name of the Magnificent had become anathema.

Yet, slowly, insidiously, in another fashion, Benyomin the boarder was to creep back into Usher's life.

ON OUR street, there lived at this time an "American." Her distinguishing characteristics were that she wore high heels, kept herself aloof from our neighbors, and had packages delivered by the Macy truck.

And when that truck from Macy's appeared on our street, it was even better than one of our perennial fires, for from the houses and the stoops issued children, and from the windows peered our women to see this outlandish sight.

"Rich! Macy's truck!" came the impressed voices from the windows.

Her husband was a cop. Thus, with that

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Macy truck coming to deliver packages, and that big six-foot wielder of a nightstick, it was enough to earmark this "American" in a pale all her own. And the fact that this woman had only one child, a girl named Dora, served further to isolate her from our world of women who bore children in more fruitful quantities.

"One child! A real high-tone lady! Rich!" said the voice from the windows.

What this family was doing living on our street, I will never know. It was as if they had gotten lost; or maybe, the rent was just cheap. But when the "American" fearlessly walked by our houses, every Saturday like clockwork, with her Dora on their way to the child's dancing studio, eyes followed them, fingers pointed. And, indeed, it took courage to walk the plank surrounded by peering eyes on both sides.

"Rich! Dancing lessons for the child! Rich!" said the voices from the windows.

"Look how that child carries herself! Such grace! A real dancer! A Hollywood actress! Rich! Rich!"

"Hey, Dora!" said Usher one day as we were standing outside his house. "You wanna make a nickel?"

I swallowed spit at the nerve of that Usher talking to our Dora.

"What did you say?" said the dancer of our street as she stopped.

YES! She was human. It suddenly occurred to me that this Dresden china doll was only too glad to have someone talk to her. Human, all too human!

"Come into the hallway, I'll give you a nickel!"

"Gimmie the nickel, first!"

"First, come into the hallway!"

"The nickel, first!"

"Into the hallway!" ordered Usher and then turning to me and giving me the coin, he added, "Let him hold the nickel! He's honest!"

And that cheap, nickel-plated Dresden doll went into the hallway with Usher! Human, all too human!

I did not recognize that hallway. Mysterious squeaks came from the stairs to frighten us. The walls sent forth a tidal wave of moisture that seemed to match the anxious perspiration that cascaded from us. And the steam-fitting on the radiator hissed and hissed like some awful witch hurling steady imprecations at us for what we were about to do.

And would you believe it, instead of my hero, Usher, doing the kissing, that Dresden Dora pulled Usher to her, clasped her arms around his shoulders and kissed and kissed and kissed. Then, as if that was not enough, our china doll turned to me, and before you could say, "Hello, Mama! Papa's here!" there she had her pouting lips planted on mine, and she was kissing away to beat the band.

The Stars and Stripes Forever! Anchors Away! Onward Christian Soldiers! In Dixieland, I'll Take My Stand! Hooray! Hooray!

Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!

"Hey!" cried Usher. "He didn't pay! He ain't entitled to no kisses!"

And so, she turned back to her breadwinner and planted her lips on his.

On the Shores of Tripoli! By the Waters of Minnetonka! Tipperary! O Tipperary! Tipperary! O Tipperary!

Kiss! Kiss! Kiss! How that Dresden doll did kiss!

"Stop!" cried Usher. "Gimmie a minute to catch my breath!"

And while Usher held her off to synchronize his breathing, that dancing Dora turned to me and began all over again.

"OK!" she said finally. "Give me my nickel!"

"What do you say, Ush? Does she get the nickel?" I asked.

"She gets the nickel! It's hers! She worked for it!" cried the satisfied Usher.

"You would have had to give me the nickel, anyway. My Pop's a cop!" said Dora as she took the coin and very gracefully began to walk out of the hallway. "Pleased to make your acquaintance."

She was a good dancer!

Yankee Doodle Went Uptown! Riding on a Pony! Yankee Doodle Went Uptown! Went Uptown!

She was a good dancer!

Naturally, Usher became a steady visitor in Dora's house.

"How do you do, Dora's mother," said Usher as he and I made our entrance one day.

"Won't you sit down and make yourselves comfortable," said the "American" who was all dressed up to go out.

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Usher and I sat down, ill at ease.

"Dora, I'm going to Macy's," said this Queen of the department stores as she went to the door. "You stay home and watch the house!"

"Yes, Mother."

And as soon as we heard the high heels of this mother descend the stairs, we were galvanized into activity, and Dora did the honors by allowing us to search the house. We went through closets and drawers and found all kinds of fascinating things: brass knuckles, policemen's uniforms, guns, bullets, torn socks.

"Your Pop ever shoot anybody?" asked Usher.

"Of course, you ninny! He shoots somebody at least once a day!"

"If he shoots somebody," Usher challenged, "let's see the medals!"

"Medals! Medals! The whole place is full of those medals," said our dancer as she opened a drawer and pulled out a host of medals. "My mother says if he brings home another medal, she'll scream!"

But Usher and I were deaf to this girl as we gazed fascinated and stirred beyond human comprehension by this fabulous sight before our eyes. It seemed to me as if these were not mere medals, but preciously woven jewels that could be regarded only with an emotion of religious awe.

"Can I touch it?" asked Usher as this emotion slowly thawed.

"Yes! But be careful to put it back," said Dora, "otherwise he hollers, and when he hollers, watch out, because he's liable to do anything, like breaking the dishes, or spilling out the chicken soup into the garbage pail."

Carefully, tenderly, with the greatest of humility, Usher took one of the medals and hung it on his chest. I could almost see the tears forming in his eyes, while drums beat, and armies marched, and mothers tearfully bid their boys goodbye as they went off to war. This was happiness.

Yankee Doodle!

WHAT, with nobody coming into that house, Usher and I were, indeed, very welcome. Upon entering, he would immediately make a dash for the medals and in a few short moments, adorn himself with row upon row of the hardware.

"Wife," would Usher, metallically adorned, cry as he sat down at the table, "bring me my hat!"

And Dora would run to her father's closet and bring out a policeman's hat.

"Wife," Usher would cry, putting on the policeman's hat and banging on the table, "bring me my club!"

And Dora would run and bring my hero a night stick.

"Wife," Usher would cry banging the stick on the table, "where is my supper?"

And Dora would run to the closet and bring back an empty plate.

"Wife," Usher would cry, "you didn't give me a kiss!"

"Gimmie a nickel, first!" Dora would say.

And Usher would take out a coin from his trouser pocket and give it to our dancer, who would immediately throw the coin into a glass which she kept on top of the kitchen stove. And it was not long before those coins in that glass began to mount up and up.

I told you, she was a good dancer.

It happened one night when Usher and I appeared in Dora's house, that Usher, adorned with his medals, equipped with a night stick, and bedecked in a policeman's hat, began to bang on the table.

"Wife! Gimmie my gun!"

The dutiful dancer ran and returned with an empty holster which she proceeded to tie around Usher's waist.

Bang, went the stick on the table.

"Wife! Gimmie my supper!"

Over to the kitchen closet. Out came the empty plate. Down it went in front of Usher.

Usher looked and looked.

"What's in that plate?" asked Usher.

"Ham and eggs," said Dora.

"Ham and eggs!" shouted Usher. "I ain't eatin' no ham and eggs! What do you think I wanna do—poison myself! Gimmie horseradish and bread, instead. I ain't no *goy*!"

The enduring dancer skipped to the cupboard and returned with "horseradish" and "bread."

Usher began to eat.

Bang, went the holster on the table.

"In one minute, I'm gonna shoot up this place with my gun!" he cried. "You didn't give me no horseradish!"

"I gave you horseradish!" cried Dora.

"Where is it, then?"

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"There—on the plate! You're going blind from screaming so much! That's the reason you can't see the horseradish!"

"Where's the horseradish?"

"There—can't you see it?"

Usher looked suspiciously at the empty plate.

"Well! What do you know! It's horseradish, all right!" said Usher and then added, "Wife! Give me a kiss!"

"Five cents, please!" said Dora as she put out her hand and took the coin from Usher.

Plunk! Into the glass went the nickel.

"Wife! It's getting late," said my hero, "let's go to bed!"

"Ten cents, please," said Dora.

Plunk! Into the glass went the dime.

Soon, my hero was on the couch, holster on his hip, cap on head, night stick at his side, and medals dangling; and there sat Dora on his lap, as he entwined one hand around her waist and with the other began to paw her thigh.

I was terrified. Suppose someone should walk in! The medals on Usher's chest clinked musically. Once in a while a titter would come from the dancer. Otherwise, the room was quiet, except for my own busy breathing.

SOMEWHERE, someplace, it occurred to me I had seen this before—a piece of Usher and a piece of Dora, and both pieces put together for a kiss. And I saw myself going up the ladder to Usher's roof, and peering down the open skylight into Benyomin's bedroom, and seeing Benyomin with Usher's aunt on his lap.

Life! It was life, itself, that beckoned to Usher and me. And I was frightened. In Dora's house! In Benyomin's bedroom! Life was beckoning to me!

And there was Usher kiss, kiss, kissing. Usher, who was usually so awkward and ungainly, and who was, now, possessed with confidence and fearlessness, while I sat trembling, fearful of a black cloud.

And the black cloud came, because just at this very moment, dressed in that garb representing everything that was lawful and orderly, appeared Dora's father, who hovered over us, and who stamped out everything in an instant and turned all to despair.

With one full sweep of his arm, he tore the unsuspecting Usher from his kisses, and with one full kick of his leg, he hit my hero in the rear, to send him sprawling across the floor.

"If I ever catch you in this house again," roared the cop, purple with rage, "I'll send you up for twenty years! Get out of here, you dirty gutter-bum, you filthy sewer-rat!"

Yankee Doodle went uptown! Riding on a pony! He stuck a feather in his——and out came macaroni.

My hero, Usher, sprawled on the floor, sought the protection that tears could bring, and began to cry. And how we managed to get out of the kitchen, and how we managed to make our way into the hallway and down the stairs, I swear I do not know. But as we went, I cringed, I shut my eyes, I closed my ears to the awful screams that came from Dora's kitchen as her father was laying it on thick on that dancer.

Thus, denuded of the medals, without his hat, the night stick returned to its original owner, the holster now gone, my hero limped slowly down the stairs, weeping.

Yankee Doodle went downstairs! Went downstairs!

"That lousy Benjy!" cried Usher sitting down on the stoop, weeping bitterly. "He's to blame for everything!"

Benjy! What did Benjy have to do with it?

When suddenly, from nowhere and everywhere, people began running down the street.

"Must be another fire!" I said not even moving from my perch.

"It's a fire, all right! My crazy aunt Berenice!" cried Usher, his eyes popping.

In a flash, we were running in the direction of Usher's house, and there was his aunt Berenice, attired in her nightgown, surrounded by a multitude and screaming her head off.

"Good people! Honest friends and neighbors! Jews of Brownsville!" screamed Berenice. "A terrible thing has happened on our street!"

"What happened! What happened!" cried Mrs. Goldberg in agony.

What happened! For God's sake, I screamed within myself! What terrible thing happened!

"Worthy brothers and sisters! There are thieves walking around free on this street! And worse than thieves, there are murderers, murderers who victimize innocent young girls!"

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"Still a girl?" cried the incredulous Mrs. Feinerman.

"Listen to me!" cried Berenice. "Listen to my story, so that you will know enough to guard the virtue of your daughters! Listen to my tale! Hear me out!"

"Dear child!" cried one of the old ones of our street. "I'm listening!"

"He told me he would marry me!" cried Berenice, the tears streaming down her face. "And I, like a fool, was going to give him the money! Benyominal darling! I said to him, here's my money, and we'll get married. And we'll open up a delicatessen store and buy a little house, and we'll be happy, so happy!"

"What else did you give him?" cried Mrs. Rosenstein.

"And he said to me, gimmie the money, and I promise you we'll both stand under the canopy. And he even threw a glass on the floor and stamped his feet on it. Good people! Honest friends and neighbors! Jews of Brownsville! Never believe these fortune hunters, these monsters! Sign the marriage contract first, I said, and then, I'll give you the money!"

"Good girl!" cried Mrs. Needleman. "Good girl! A real Jewish head!"

"Neighbors! Friends! What do you think he did?"

"What! What!" cried Mrs. Finkelberg.

"These snakes do not stop at anything! They creep! They crawl! They slide! Once they smell money, they fasten themselves on their victims, and you can't shake them off!"

"If you didn't keep the money in your bosom, he would never get to it!" said Mrs. Eisenberg.

And now Usher's father came out.

"Get out of here!" he shouted scooting the crowd away and turning to Berenice, he cried, "Get up stairs, you fool! People are laughing at you! So, he crept to you and your money! So what! You and your money are still intact!"

"I'll mary you without money!" cried Mr. Mandelbaum the tenant laughingly.

And Berenice, her hair disarranged, tears streaming from her eyes, went up the stairs.

"A free show!" said Mrs. Greenblatt.

"It's better than the movies!" said Mrs. Haegerman.

"But no samples!" said Mandelbaum the tenant. The street roared.

FRIGHTENED, I began to run up the stairs. What did this mean? Was Benjy leaving us? Was he gone? Who's going to give us that One! Two! Three! if you go, I cried? Who's going to show us his big strong muscles, or lift us into the air to hit the ceiling? And didn't you have fun with us, too? Didn't you laugh when we opened up our mouths in amazement when you did those famous somersaults? Benjy boy, you wouldn't leave us, now, would you? You are the greatest! The greatest of them all!

And the higher I got up the stairs, the worse it got.

Benjy boy, I cried, don't leave me! I don't know what I'll do without you! Take her money! Take all her money! She should give it to you with pleasure! Take the whole world's money, if it's money you want! And if that's not enough, I'll go out and steal some more! Only don't leave me!

And running like two lost rats into the boarder's room, we suddenly came to a halt! No Benjy!

"He's gone!" cried Usher. "He's gone! And he didn't even say goodbye!"

"Not only is he gone," said Usher's mother, "he took my best pillowcases with him!"

"Not even a goodbye!" cried Usher stamping his foot on the floor. "He didn't even say goodbye!"

"Who was that man I saw downstairs yesterday, standing in the crowd?" began Berenice the next morning, all dressed up, sitting in the kitchen, drinking tea and lemon.

"Which one?" said Usher's mother. "There were thousands of people standing in that crowd yesterday."

"You know the one I mean," said Berenice, "the one with the long distinguished nose! So refined! So cultured!"

"Do you mean Mexile?" said Usher's mother.

"Such a respectable appearance! Such an intellectual look! A prince!"

"A pushcart peddler!" sighed Usher's mother.

"Now, who would have thought that Benyomin would turn out to be such a disappointment!" said Berenice, all dressed up, sitting in the kitchen, drinking tea and lemon. "He had such an honest nose!"

Three! Two! One!

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LIBERAL CAPITALISM & SOCIALISM

OSCAR GASS

"How say ye unto Pharoah, I am the son of the wise, the son of ancient kings? Where are they? Where are thy wise men?"
—Isaiah 19:11–12

No OTHER error of public judgment would, I think, be more damaging, for the just influence of the United States, than that we should ascribe too universal a significance to the present difficulties of the democratic socialist parties of the major countries of Western Europe and, from that mistake, take a misguided, fleeting courage to stand before the world as the parochial advocates of a single pattern of economic organization, one which may, largely, be unadaptable to the circumstances and aspirations of most other peoples. On a vulgar level, we fall into this unfortunate error when we go around the world—and especially in very poor countries—showing fancy United States Information Service exhibits that challenge the Communist slogan of "people's democracy" with the counter-slogan of "people's capitalism." (Do we not fall into a kindred error, on a higher level, when, with the Editor of COMMENTARY,* we identify what has both historical importance and abiding value in our civilization with an asserted "Protestant-liberal-bourgeois synthesis"?) It was the great merit of Mr. Nelson Rockefeller, in his recent exchange with Nikita Khrushchev, to refuse to be caught in the vulgar form of this trap, to refuse to debate the issue between American democracy and Soviet totalitarianism on the false ground of Capitalism versus Socialism, and to endeavor to shift the whole discussion to another plane.

The democratic socialist parties are, as I have suggested in a previous article [June], at present very weak in the major countries of Western Europe. As an organized political movement, socialism has no hold in the United States. But the ascendancy of various kinds of socialism is becoming more and more pronounced in the poorest countries of the world. Democratic socialisms may also, in time, experience a resurgence in Western Europe. In part, these socialisms have been thrown back, as organized political forces, because the non-socialist parties have stolen some of their clothes, in part because of identification with Communism. But these tendencies in the political and economic development of Europe are still in tension and irresolution.

It is in this perspective, and not only for its specific contributions to economics or public law, that I believe Eugene V. Rostow's recent book,† *Planning for Freedom: The Public Law of American Capitalism,* will be most usefully examined. It is perhaps the most weighty, comprehensive statement of the case for liberal capitalism that has been written by an American for some time. I wish I could induce careful readers to study it side by side with a reasoned, temperate advocacy of democratic socialism such as that contained in Mr. C. A. R. Crosland's book on *The Future of Socialism.*

OSCAR GASS, a consulting economist in private practice in Washington, D.C., here completes his four-part series on the current problems of democracy and socialism. The three previous parts appeared in the January, February, and June numbers.

* Editorial, February 1960.
† Yale University Press, 437 pp., $6.00.

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A Proposal of Liberal Capitalism

Mr. Rostow is dean of the Yale Law School. In the literature of civil liberty, his little 1945 essay, "Our Worst Wartime Mistake," will hold an honored place. That paper deals cogently with what may yet prove a death-bringing weakness of the American constitutional system (as it was deformed by the Supreme Court in the Japanese-American cases of World War II) —the abdication of the law in the face of wartime military authority. To economists and others interested in the petroleum industry, Mr. Rostow will be better known for his thoughtful 1948 book, *A National Policy for the Oil Industry,* a volume which disturbed great interests and won its author creditable enmities.

The sting of Mr. Rostow's present book is not so sharp. He flies the flag of capitalism from a tall standard. It takes him only thirty-two pages to reach the point in his exposition where "Democratic Socialism is a contradiction in terms." But his credentials of capitalist orthodoxy will not go quite unchallenged. "The free markets of a capitalist economy," he writes, "lack a balance wheel. This only the government can provide, through fiscal and monetary action. There are no alternative means . . . to smooth otherwise inevitable fluctuations . . . in employment and production." In vain after that, does he call a distinguished Swedish economist to witness that Marx used neither the word "planning" nor its idea. (A student of Marx might have recalled that the old fellow could hardly spare ten minutes, in all his lifetime, for writing about how things would be managed under socialism.) The claim of a need for public planning, to balance productive capacity with output use, is older than Marxism and as old as the word "socialism" itself. With the Saint-Simonians, the assertion of this claim is identifiable as a distinctively socialist doctrine. The counter-claim, that no such public "intervention" is needed or helpful, similarly defines the old liberal capitalist position.

The classic socialist case has always been that, precisely in regard to the issue of industrial fluctuations (which Mr. Rostow regards as central), it will not do to rely on the efforts of private businessmen to maximize "private product" and then count on a resulting adequate "social product." There needs to be a public effort to maximize social product—regardless of whether further outlays for employment and production appear too hazardous to individual businessmen at any particular time. The lack of what Mr. Rostow calls "a balance wheel" in private competitive enterprise is precisely what Marx, in his own mytho-poetic language, called an "inherent contradiction." Why then should we not—even in the United States—admit that in this matter something has been learned which has long been part of traditional socialist thinking? Why should Mr. Rostow not say, quite simply and generously, that his proposed economic machine has a socialist-principle balance wheel (Keynesian model), which must be operated by government, though the machine—in this model—relies on private business motive power for the conduct of most production activities? We are dealing with politically charged words. It is easier to adopt the substance if one can reject the symbol with all possible fierceness.

Economics

Though Mr. Rostow lives in New England, he seems never to have been favored by a visit from Thoreau's ghost. His book is full of consumers' goods and producers' goods and defense goods, but there is never enough. The voice of the ghost echoes, "Shall we always study to obtain more of these things, and not sometimes to be content with less?" Mr. Rostow answers that we desire more and must have more—for ourselves and for all of humanity. But, the ghost protests ". . . the cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run." Very well, Mr. Rostow is prepared to meet the cost. He puts our current military expenditures at about $40 billion annually and finds the cost of "an adequate military program" to be about twice that. But defense is only the beginning. "Any attempt to draw up a balance sheet for the American economy ten or twenty years hence reveals how hard pressed we shall be in seeking to satisfy all the claims which now seem inescapable. . . . The consumption requirements of a rising

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population are formidable. . . . A full-employment economy generates huge capital demands. . . . The nation will have to export capital on a much larger scale. . . . Urgent public works are desirable. . . . A deficit in available output looms up. . . ." Mr. Rostow has entitled his book *Planning for Freedom*. But in this freedom—as in so many others—we shall apparently have to work harder and harder to be as free as we were when we started.

I have never read another book by a lawyer that showed so wide and discriminating an acquaintance with the literature of economics as does this book by Mr. Rostow. But, he is hampered throughout by one nagging problem, and his Preface indicates that he is aware of it. That problem is a failure to fix the level of discourse. For several pages, he is writing an elementary textbook of economic analysis or description. Then he raises a point which can hardly have meaning to the general reader. A few pages later he is back in the elementary class. Mr. Rostow touches base at a great many problems that have excited professional discussions among economists. But he is not in a position to advance these questions or to be very helpful to non-professionals.*

Joining with official thinking in the United States government, Mr. Rostow is profoundly concerned over the danger of inflation. He declares his faith: "Stable prices over long periods of time can accomplish more than any other one economic policy to transform a population into a people." We may ask Mr. Rostow to consider again. In the past quarter century the British price level has increased by more than 200 per cent, the United States price level by somewhat less than 200 per cent. Are there not British and American peoples, and are they not perhaps more cohesive—less discontented—than twenty-five years ago? The Israeli price level rose by more than 200 per cent in the decade 1948–58. Did this prevent Israel from forging a people out of the most diverse materials? Having myself strewn a path of memoranda against inflation, twenty years long and stretching from the precincts of the United States Treasury to the hills of Jerusalem, I am most concerned to avoid exaggerations on this matter. A stable price level can usually be a very helpful instrument to more important objects, but there are a host of economic policies more important to the cohesion of a people than the policy of stable prices.

Public Law of American Capitalism

Despite the title of his book, Mr. Rostow devotes little space to law—public or private. I do not believe that more than one-fifth of the volume deals with legal questions. His most thorough professional attention is given to the old legal issue of antitrust regulation, and on this issue he provides a thoughtful, suggestive conspectus of the whole field. He will not rest content with countervailing power (Galbraith) or with elevating the conscience of corporate management (Berle). He concludes—judiciously as it seems to me—that the effects of the antitrust laws on American business practices have been real but limited. "The purposes of the Sherman Act have not been fully realized in our economic life. Its history is one of futility and half-measures, of gallant attempts, occasional victories, frequent retreats, of false starts and missed opportunities. Above all, it is a history marked by the absence of any planned and systematic effort to gain the basic strategic ends of the statute. . . ." The absence of such a planned and systematic effort may, in some degree, reflect a deficiency in thinking. But, more importantly and fundamentally, it reflects a deficiency of authoritative political intent. Our American capitalism is not more competitive for the reason that the effective political forces in our government did not wish to make it so.

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* The reader who takes a serious interest in fiscal and monetary problems will find easier going in two publications that are so recent they were unavailable to Rostow, one British and one American. The British, characteristically well-written and analytically distinguished, is the *Report* (Cmnd. 827 of August 1959) of the Radcliffe Committee on the Working of the Monetary System. The American is the *Staff Report* (of December 1959) of the Congressional Joint Economic Committee on Employment, Growth, and Price Levels, with an abundance of information and a barrel-load of recommendations—of widely varying significance and cogency. While the British document is more limited, the American has a scope as wide as the economic portion of Mr. Rostow's treatise and is more easily read.

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The second question of public law to which Mr. Rostow devotes considerable attention—the central question of his whole book—is the structural significance for the American economy of the Employment Act of 1946. But here I fail to find in Mr. Rostow's pages any image of the years since 1946, or any reflection of the present reality. "The First Principle of the law for the control of the economy," he says, "is that the government is responsible for the general level of employment." So unqualified a pronouncement is not contained in any provision of law or any accepted rule of public practice. In none of our postwar recessions has the administration of the day accepted responsibility for the general level of employment. For the most part, successive administrations have been content to wait for the so-called "built-in stabilizers" to do their work and have for the most part supplemented waiting by a little fiddling with the availability of bank credit. In the recession of 1948–49, President Truman and his Secretary of the Treasury concentrated attention primarily, until mid-1949, on combating inflation. In the recession of 1957–58, President Eisenhower and his Secretary of the Treasury concentrated on combating inflation throughout.

Secretary Anderson recently explained that he did not favor any contra-cyclical action in 1957–58 because he wished to prove the "resiliency" of the economy apart from government action. He thereby interpreted Mr. Rostow's ringing First Principle as requiring our government to do precisely nothing. In this position, Secretary Anderson is not isolated. The American government does not today, as a matter of operating fact, acknowledge more than a small and uncertain share of the responsibility regarding employment which Mr. Rostow describes (especially in his chapters 1 and 2 and 13) as the First Principle of the public law. It has of course, historically, in the development of the common law, been the role of lawyers to credit the earlier legislator or judge with a singleness of purpose which—as a matter of fact—he did not have, and to endow such legislators or judges retrospectively with ideas that never passed through their minds. That is one way the law grows. But fostering growth by such techniques is the work of the decision-making judge, often assisted by partisan counsel; it must not be the role of the historian or of him who, at any point in time, takes in hand the task of describing what exists rather than what he would like to have exist.

The public law of the American economy, with regard to employment, may yet reach the level of responsibility ascribed to it by Mr. Rostow. A useful first step might be to recognize clearly that it has not yet done so.

Politics

The central propositions of Mr. Rostow's political case are two. First, democracy requires the maintenance of many, self-sustaining, "pluralistic" centers of power. Second, only an economy of private, competitive capitalism is consistent with the requisite plurality of power centers. Let us not question the first. Our American version of the democratic political philosophy holds that every citizen, sustained by law and civil liberty, shall be an autonomous power center (and our American version of democratic mythology holds that every citizen is *equally* such a power center in our country). The issue is on the second proposition.

Mr. Rostow makes the issue difficult for us because, in all of his solid book, he does not define either capitalism or socialism. And he makes it doubly difficult for himself because he does not argue merely that democracy and socialism are incompatible with one another as a matter of historical fact or probability: he argues (page 32) that "Democratic Socialism is *a contradiction in terms*" [italics mine]. Now, I must concede that I have reasons of personal piety for being reluctant to accept this conclusion. I have never believed that socialism would be a useful program for the United States as far forward in time as I can see. But the first book on public affairs I remember reading was Bertrand Russell's *Bolshevism: Practice and Theory,* and afterward I went on to read other books by that democratic socialist, whom I have never ceased to admire. When I was ready for harder fare, I tried my teeth on some of Russell's publications in logic and the theory of knowledge. Over the succeeding years, I have found a number of occasions to differ with Russell about political matters, but I have never thought I could catch that clear

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and powerful mind in an elementary logical fallacy—a contradiction in terms. It would have to be very subtle! I have a similar problem of piety where Morris R. Cohen is concerned, another democratic socialist with a penetrating, rigorous mind, whose politics I do not entirely share. Can it really be that Mr. Rostow has caught Morris R. Cohen as well as Bertrand Russell in "a contradiction in terms"? What terms? He does not say, and I cannot imagine.

Perhaps we can make greater progress by proceeding more empirically. Mr. Rostow says (page 35) that, "There is no possible objection . . . so long as the state-owned sector is *a relatively small share of the whole economy*" [italics mine.] What is small? In the United States, in 1958, government employment accounted for about 15 per cent of the total and government expenditure for about 21 per cent. Surely the United States is not socialist, and we are still democratic. In the United Kingdom, in 1958, government employment (including the nationalized industries) apparently amounted to nearly 25 per cent, and the ratio of public expenditure to total national income was 33 per cent; moreover, according to the Radcliffe Committee, "nearly half the total volume of investment is now financed by public authorities." Is not the financier the master? Half is surely not "a relatively small share." Is British democracy at an end?

But the United Kingdom is far less socialist than Israel. By 1953, according to Mr. Daniel Creamer, only 55 per cent of Israel's domestically produced income originated in private enterprise. Since then the socialist share seems to have increased (owing to nationalization of electricity, extension of public and Histadrut enterprises in irrigation, shipping, petroleum, etc.). Some 60 per cent of gross saving in Israel is supplied by the government alone, without consideration of the saving supplied by the Histadrut sector. Israeli socialism in economic activity is not, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Rostow, "stiff with symmetry"; it is downright confused. But Israel also has an active, sometimes turbulent and even undisciplined political democracy. And, even if she had not, where is the *contradiction in terms* in such having? How dare we so bound the range of human possibility by our own parochial experience! Far better if Mr. Rostow had thrown away all the books of the lawyers and economists and attended instead to the sage of Walden Pond. "One generation abandons the enterprises of another like stranded vessels. . . . This is the only way, we say; but there are as many ways as there can be drawn radii from one center. . . . But man's capacities have never been measured; nor are we to judge of what he can do by any precedents, so little has been tried."

In truth, Mr. Rostow's argument against democratic socialism amounts to little more than the fact of the existence of Communism. This reminds me of nothing so much as the reasoning of a certain type of "left-winger" in the 1930's: capitalism must inevitably develop into fascism—look at Italy and Germany! Rostow even quotes Morris Cohen's own strictures against Communism, as if they were intended as a refutation of democratic socialism, and omits—I am sure unwittingly—to inform the reader that Cohen remained a democratic socialist all his life. It is regrettable that we should thus be afforded another illustration of Cohen's sad reflection:* "The chief argument of the surviving champions of 'free private enterprise' is the argument from communism." The case against general socialism, in various societies, particularly in our own (as well as the case against specific measures of socialization), deserves to be argued from a stronger base and with greater particularity.

Philosophy

Mr. Rostow desired, quite properly, to place his espousal of liberal capitalism in a general context of relation to fundamental ethical values. At the very outset, he states that, "Every study of a particular problem in law, in economics, in social relations, or in politics presupposes a concept of society as a living organism. . . ." And he is concerned over what he calls the "myth," "image," or "model" which constitutes the investigator's criterion of relevance or value. He inquires about such a model, "Is it closely linked both to the pattern of the past and to our hearts' desire, or is it one which could only be related to the historical flow of events by coercive or revolutionary action?" All this will not command universal agreement and is perhaps not very clear, but

* *American Thought*, page 111.

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Mr. Rostow makes it clearer when he comes near the end (page 363). "The history of civilization as a whole, as distinguished from the history of any one of the cultures, offers an ethical code of some power. It embodies the most valued elements of the religious and philosophical tradition. It constitutes a scale of values, including an ideal for law, which will be accepted in a given culture as an aspiration beyond the present stage of development." It is in the light of this conception that we are to understand Mr. Rostow's earlier counsel. "Some scholar or group of scholars should seek to draw our knowledge about society into a philosophical view of the human condition. . . . [This view] should use the best of modern learning in all the behavioral and social sciences, from anthropology to econometrics."

The view that Mr. Rostow expounds is an old one in theology, in ethics, and—if I may be pardoned the temerity of saying so—in general thinking about the nature of the law. In this view, truth lies in the consensus—not of one time or one civilization but of all time and all cultures, what Mr. Rostow calls "the history of civilization as a whole." For this position, the task of rational theology, of ethics, or of a constructive jurisprudence is somehow to extract what is common, permanent, or pervasively recurrent from the facts of history.

As I cannot here develop a total ethical and political philosophy, I must say, as it will appear dogmatically, that I believe Mr. Rostow's philosophical position to be fallacious. First, the study of "the history of civilization as a whole" does not reveal any such consensus as he describes nor does it offer "an ethical code of some power": it offers many codes. Second, and more fundamentally, the evidence of what various peoples, in various civilizations, believe to be right and good can provide only raw material of suggestions for the rational consideration of what *is* right and good. The task of an ethical philosophy cannot be performed by the study of history, however amply supplemented by anthropology and econometrics. Students of ethical philosophy will recognize in Mr. Rostow's position a historically tinged version of what Professor G. E. Moore* named "the naturalistic fallacy." A more subtle logician, Mr. Arthur N. Pryor, has suggested that we should speak rather of the inconsistencies (and not of the fallacy) of ethical naturalism. Here I can go no further. For fuller insight into what I believe to be profoundly erroneous in Mr. Rostow's philosophical framework, I can do no better than refer to Pryor's tiny book,† a remarkable piece of analysis and too little known in this country.

* *Principia Ethica*, page 17 ff.

II

I HOPE that Dean Rostow's book will be read widely and with care by sincere people who wish to look closely into the ideas of liberal capitalism as qualified American spokesmen are expounding them today. I do not know another American book in which these ideas are put forward more comprehensively and with greater relevance to contemporary interests. I have not hesitated to suggest that the deeper foundations of this house are insecurely laid and the architectural design inadequate. The claims are more universal than can be established; the case is not sufficiently particular; the reasoning is cast along a line which is likely to yield more estrangement between the United States and the rest of the world, rather than more understanding and sympathy. This design for the house of liberal capitalism will do for a quiet summer day in Connecticut. But it will not stand up, I believe, even in the United States, in a high wind or a hard winter. And, despite its universal approach, it is not a house which can contribute significantly to ideas of design for the ice of Moscow or the heat of Calcutta.

Rich Man, Poor Man

One hundred and fifteen years ago, Henry David Thoreau wrote a perfectly adequate account of the most important source of the chasm that separates the people of the United States from the peoples of the underdeveloped countries and will continue to separate them, no matter what we do, for many decades to come. He relates: "I heard it proposed lately that two young men should travel together over the world, the one without money, earning his means as

† *Logic and the Basis of Ethics* (Oxford, 1949, 111 pp.).

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he went, before the mast and behind the plough, the other carrying a bill of exchange in his pocket. It was easy to see that they could not long be companions or cooperate, since one would not *operate* at all. They would part at the first interesting crisis in their adventures. . . . To cooperate in the highest as well as the lowest sense, means *to get our living together*" [italics Thoreau's].

We do not get our living together with the poorest peoples of the underdeveloped countries. We go no farther toward a community of experience with the poorest if we espouse Protestant (or Catholic) Christianity than with the liberal-bourgeois philosophy, and a synthesis of the three (though I am not well acquainted with it, as a student of history) is presumably not more demanding than any one of the trinity. We are, of course, not prepared to take all that we have and give to the alien poor, and we shall continue to have various impeccable reasons for not doing so. Is it not our role to safeguard the higher cultural inheritance of man? And how can that be done without means? Few of us have an adequate, realized image of how the poorest peoples get their living and what that living amounts to. We shall continue to have enough ignorance to safeguard ourselves from distress.

A word on the bearing of "foreign aid." Some readers of COMMENTARY may be presumed to know a little about aid to Israel. They then know also of the feeling of various Israeli authorities that, in some years, they have had barely enough money to do a tolerable job. Those authorities have felt particularly that the solidarity of Jews called for a little more sacrifice of American Jewish luxury for a little more indulgence of Israeli Jewish life. Yet, in the years 1950–58, Israel received from abroad imports for which the Israeli economy did not pay averaging more than $180 *annually* for *each person* in the total Israeli population. In contrast, the government of the United States is now proposing an expanded program of aid to India; this, according to "usually well-informed sources," will amount to about 400 million or 450 million dollars annually—consisting for the greater part of our unmarketable agricultural surpluses. For the 400 million people of India, this amounts to about $1.00 per capita annually. (It also amounts to five times the annual amount recently pledged, with much fanfare, as a loan to India, by the itinerant Mr. Khrushchev.) If the people of India were to receive from abroad, in all the forty years that remain to the 20th century, the same amount per capita that Israel found hardly adequate for *one* year, India would get over $72 billion. Not in his wildest dream has the most optimistic Indian planner reckoned with such an amount.

The economic development of the poorest peoples in the next decades will be primarily the fruit—sweet or bitter—of their own success in awakening energies long dormant, in removing social and cultural barriers to effort, in developing skills among the hundreds of millions, and in accumulating capital out of the abstinence and deprivation of the poor.

Socialisms of Underdeveloped Countries

In the measure in which the poorest peoples are moved by active concern for their own economic development, they tend today to give a larger place, in their economic organization, to socialized or nationalized enterprises than does the United States. This tendency is clear beyond possibility of misunderstanding in Asia and Africa, less transparent but also true in Latin America. There is great variety stemming from the individuality of national history and political circumstance, but the world-wide grounds for this tendency are common. What are these grounds?

First, the underdeveloped countries have few private entrepreneurs, among their own people, who have the capital, training, and mentality required for the creation of modern enterprises. In confronting the establishment of a major new venture, the alternatives before an underdeveloped country frequently are whether to conduct this business as a public activity or to find a private entrepreneur, lend him public money, pay for his training, and wait hopefully for his success.

Second, the enterprise that distinctively marks economic development is likely, in an underdeveloped country, to be a monopoly, and this is particularly likely if the country is small. Even a country as large as Canada found it desirable to have the single nationalized enterprise of the Trans-Canada Air Lines. A smaller country may encounter the

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same fact of monopoly not only in an airline or in electric power or harbor facilities but also in its first petroleum refinery, its first fertilizer plant, its first paper mill, its first steel mill, and in hosts of other enterprises that are counted in commonplace dozens in the United States. The case for competitive capitalism is not the case for private monopoly. Contemporary underdeveloped countries—even small ones—are not prepared to accept that form of international division of labor which involves abstaining from modern industries. They do not wish to limit themselves to producing staple agricultural commodities for an uncertain world market, and they refuse to concentrate on small-scale handicraft industries, which can easily have many competitive firms even in a small country. They are therefore repeatedly confronted with the choice: public monopoly or private monopoly? And they often decide in favor of public.

Third, a new development may well pay in national economic gains but not yield a profit to a private owner. A development-minded government may see that a fertilizer plant that shows a loss on the books is producing ample dividends in local raw materials utilized, in skills being acquired, in by-products made possible, and in a road opened to further development. The economy as a whole profits from these things, but the individual businessman can not make money from them. If the private businessman is to get his profit by tariff protection or direct subsidy, the government will be continually looking over his shoulder. Such governments frequently prefer ownership to the duplicate management involved in effective regulation.

Fourth, most underdeveloped countries are not hospitable to the idea of their key enterprises being directed by foreign capital. We need to ponder carefully the significance of the fact that it is precisely Japan, which has made greatest economic progress among all the nations of the world that were untouched by modern industry one hundred years ago, that has also been most persistently and successfully hostile to the establishment of foreign direct investment in its country. The Japanese will borrow money abroad and repay it most faithfully. They will grudgingly accept a foreign minority interest in a Japanese enterprise if it is indispensable. But they do not want foreigners owning and running large enterprises in Japan. Japanese capitalism is strong because it is not foreign.

Fifth, the underdeveloped countries do not characteristically begin with the idea that large holdings of private property are valuable safeguards of personal freedom. They are more likely to think of substantial property as arbitrary privilege—the privilege of inheritance, the privilege derived from close connection with government, or the privilege of acting as a monopolistic representative of a foreign interest.

In the face of these things, we shall not succeed in convincing most of the poorest peoples of the world that their economic organization should be patterned closely on that of the United States. But, if we are sufficiently fierce in our insistence that our models of government and economy constitute the only patterns of a good society, we can succeed in shutting ourselves away from the understanding and sympathies of the larger part of humanity.

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ALFRED KAZIN:

WRITING FOR MAGAZINES

CHEKHOV, who died at forty-four, would have been a hundred years old this year, and there have been suitable tributes to him from short story writers, people in the theater, and scholars in the field of Russian literature. I am none of these things, and my feeling about Chekhov, though warm, is backed up by nothing more than what everyone else has read of him in English. And perhaps I would in this instance have had the grace to keep quiet had it not occurred to me that there was one significant but virtually unpraised side of Chekhov's genius that I could pay tribute to.

Chekhov began as a writer for magazines —he wrote jokes, sketches, fables, feuilletons, little articles, spoofs; he literally tossed them off, sometimes from the bathhouses where he happened to sit down and write them. And later, a bit mocking as he always was about the "Chekhovian" virtues, he nevertheless said proudly—"I wrote as a bird sings. I'd sit down and write. Without thinking of how to write or about what. My things wrote themselves. I could write at any time I liked. To write a sketch, a story, a skit cost me no labor. I, like a young calf or a colt let out into the freedom of a green and radiant pasture, leaped, cavorted, kicked up my heels. I felt gay myself—and, from the sidelines, the result must have been funny."

Do you realize how revolutionary this was and is—a magazine writer who did not think he had to be solemn in order to be serious? a writer of "pieces" who was glad that they were just that—fugitive as anything can be, meant to entertain, nothing more? The trouble with magazines is that they give you just enough space to impersonate wisdom. It is impossible to do full justice to your subject; but there is room to lecture, to sermonize, to create effects. Even in the 19th century, when an article was not yet called a "story" (a story was supposed to entertain, to distract, to enthral, not to give information), Edgar Allan Poe took his own role as a contributor to magazines so seriously that he grimly conceived of every offering as a demonstration of intellectual genius. Poe, who virtually invented the detective story, created in the figure of Dupin, the intellectual *maudit* who figures as his detective, a figure who actually represents the modern writer far more than he does any detective. Dupin is a man who discovers what no one else can see, who has a special slant on the truth in all fields. For Poe, every tale, every essay, every review, represented not only the romantic virtue of originality, but Poe's particular need to unhinge the existing world of intellectuals and *littérateurs,* to sign himself Q.E.D. at the end of each demonstration by Edgar Allan Poe. Poe was a literary genius who thought that he was virtually the only first-rate mind in this country, and in having to make a living from magazines, he converted necessity into the virtue of omnipresent wisdom. Everything was turned not merely into a demonstration of his rightness but into a syllogism which readers could grasp. No wonder that in planting horror and suspense as deliberately as a movie director, Poe was able to impress his name sufficiently to keep attention to his ideas. He knew his public, and what he did not get in cash he made up in living power. For in writing for a public, which then as now wanted to get information slanted to give the appearance of "the inside story," a public impatient for wisdom as well as for news, Poe turned himself into his favorite figure—the wizard, the intellectual giant, the man who from the po-

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dium of the American magazine was able to enlighten the American folk, open-mouthed and grateful for the facts.

Poe, whatever his personal anguish, did not lack a good opinion of himself, for as a writer for magazines, he was always immediately in touch with his public, always in sight of their rapture or terror or humility when he made a point. In the same way, Dickens, through the constant serialization of his novels, was so much in touch with his public that he thought it necessary, in his own magazine, to explain his separation from his wife. Dostoevsky, though he complained bitterly of having to begin serialization of a novel before he had had a chance to think it out, adored playing weekly and monthly on the feelings of the inflammable Russian public. Perhaps because he was considered the most "abnormal" and uncharacteristic of the great Russian writers, he was so eager to keep a column and to be constantly in touch with the Russian intellectual public.

THE trouble with magazine writers just now is that we are put so quickly in touch with a large public, we have so obviously the brief but undeniable power to influence, to arouse, to change the thinking of people (who now as in the 19th century will buy dozens of magazines but grudge themselves the purchase of one book), that often against our better selves, we become pompous, see ourselves as having to dislodge something with each article, to make a point or to contradict one. Magazine writers should be able to embody wittily the inconsequence which naturally belongs to many magazine pieces. Instead of admitting that an article may be only a small step forward in our thinking, like an entry in a notebook, or a sketch frankly meant to relieve, to lighten, to distract (even writers, when they get through with a day's hard work, would like to feel gayer when they pick up a magazine), magazine writers think that they must be pundits on all occasions, pundits in each piece of work. Each offering in a magazine is now so carefully deliberated, weighed, written, and rewritten that we have forgotten the *joy* behind Chekhov's life as a magazine writer—the joy of not writing for the ages, of the easy tone, the marginal comment, the social joke, the joy of being as unserious as one is brief, of knowing that one can be light *because* one is forced to be brief. Perhaps because one is read on Monday and can be forgotten the same day, there is an art in *being* inconsequent, an art which avoids the crashing and rhetorical final note, the art of appearing as light and easy as in one's heart one knows a "piece" must often be.

Of course Chekhov did not use a typewriter, and so was not tempted to clutter up his life and everyone else's with many "drafts." He, who wrote some of the most exquisite short stories ever written, did not have to *research* facts which he had absorbed as an individual. And after he had written a piece because he had a little something to tell and a little money to earn, his editors did not feel humiliated if, as it turned out, he had been off by two decimal points in reporting the annual rainfall in Minsk. Nowadays a magazine will very rarely quarrel with your opinions; it will check only your "facts." Yet Chekhov, who like so many great writers seized the immense opportunity that magazine journalism presented him with, was trusted to go out to Sakhalin Island, to write up his own report on the convict colony there, and to influence Russian public opinion.

Many of Chekhov's most beautiful things were written for magazines, and what I like most about them is the fact that, unlike so much American editorial practice today, Chekhov was allowed to be *easy*. He did not think of a story or of an article as a demonstration by a pedagogic mind in which, at the end, all themes were wrapped together and the point handed to the reader. "The open form," as one must call it, the classic style of the European feuilleton, the style of conversation, of intimacy, of pleasure and the cafés, was Chekhov's delight and his genius. He knew that a magazine writer, working not only against time but in time, with a sharper attention to immediate issues than other writers, should not pretend to iron things out, to settle all difficulties, to ape a logical perfection that his work cannot sustain. For Chekhov everything became what every good writer wants of a story—to make it truly "a slice of life." The phrase was used by the pseudo-scientific naturalists to make a slice taken out for analysis, as under a microscope. But for

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Chekhov it meant the moment seized in its actual and seeming insignificance. It was this, as everyone knows, which so influenced James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Katherine Mansfield, Sherwood Anderson—writers who showed that it is because a story in a magazine must be brief that it can suggest the unexpected depth, the delicate beauty of life caught on the wing. O. Henry, like many a writer today, thought that the ending had to be "right," to give the reader a bang. The ending of a magazine piece should be a bridge to the next thought, the next issue, not a ceremonious wind-up. For a wind-up has to be planned, and the plan usually takes over the piece as a whole.

Chekhov, by not taking magazines or himself too seriously, by not thinking that he had to liberate the Russian mind every time he sent in a sketch to a journal, liberated the short story as a form from the prosiness of prose. He showed that prose could be as profound and touching and *felt* an intimation of human existence as poetry. Every writer of fiction who is any good has wanted that for prose: to give it at least *something* of the truth that is touched by poetry. But poetry is not only the oldest literary art but always the most personal, the one that most closely requires the writer to find that portion of language, of point of view, which is most solidly *his own*. It is in the art of "verse," which by its essence is quick and easy, that so many accomplished writers have learned to write prose. Criticism is interesting to me only when the critic is—when he writes easily and well and talks in nobody's voice but his own. The critics I read are those I read for pleasure. They are very often poets—Dudley Fitts, Conrad Aiken, Randall Jarrell. A poet like Auden, an old hand at writing for magazines, learned the deftness, the ease, the confidential honesty, from writing verse. An unusually effective collection of magazine pieces, Harold Rosenberg's *The Tradition of the New,* is distinguished by the independence and wit of a man whose original language was poetry. The poet James Agee was in many respects the most eloquent magazine writer of his time, the only writer whose individual voice could be distinguished from the anonymous smoothness of *Time*. One of the reasons why so many academic scholars find it impossible to write effectively for general magazines is that they are not used to listening to their own voices, as poets are. They find their happiness in approbation, not in the English language.

Yet *Time* has incorporated the talents of many poets to create a corporate style for which the magazine gets the credit, never the writer himself. Too many magazine editors today see themselves as "creative," think of a magazine as having the stamp of an individual book. They want writers to make a product, *the* magazine, rather than to assist writers in finding their own voices. This is where the ever increasing apparatus of rewriting, the many drafts, the copying machine, the proofs and the checkers and the researchers and the corrections, though all made necessary by the lack in this country of the corps of dependable writer-intellectuals who make possible the *New Statesman,* nevertheless serves the ambitions of the editor rather than of the writer. But only a magazine edited by a dominating writer, like Mencken, could be as much all in one tone as so many magazines now *try* to be (and *The American Mercury* displayed Mencken's passion for style, never exclusively his own opinions). The reason why such magazines succeed in this attempt, however, is that writers are often impressed by the editor's belief in his magazine, and are glad to lend their talents to his enterprise.

A writer for magazines must above all be interesting, for there is not enough of him in any one issue to justify boring the reader. Similarly, he must extract from the conditions of his work—the hurried deadline, the last-minute change—the liveliness of time itself. It is for his gaiety and ease, above all, that I honor Chekhov the magazine writer on this anniversary. A magazine is always a date, "an issue," a moment; it is created out of an exacting sense of time and it is about time. The spirit of occasion, the tone of conversation, the modesty of the passing moment, are what most belong to it. Let the magazine writer be faithful to this spirit of gaiety—and perhaps, like Chekhov, he may triumph over his own modesty.

[Alfred Kazin has written for a great many magazines, both here and abroad.]

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CONTROVERSY

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING

Goals and Achievements

DANIEL BELL'S article "The Subversion of Collective Bargaining" in the March issue reflects the disillusionment with the labor movement expressed by an increasing number of pro-labor intellectuals. There is a disturbing number of adherents to the theory that collective bargaining has degenerated into a conspiracy between powerful corporations and powerful unions, at the expense of the public and even of less fortunate workers. I suspect that one of the reasons for this reaction is that these friends of labor originally expected too much from the movement. In the first flush of idealism, they looked upon labor unions as instruments capable of bringing about "the good life" for all our society. Peculiarly enough, I, who have practiced the art of collective bargaining for more than two decades, have never expected the collective bargaining process, or the labor movement alone, to bring about the millennium. It can, and does, contribute. But other forces play an equally important role in bringing about a better society.

Mr. Bell believes that powerful American corporations have raised prices inordinately and have accumulated extortionate profits. He indicts the auto and steel industries in particular on this score. General Motors, he says, is a prime malefactor and the steel industry an apt disciple of this industrial octopus. Quoting extensively from reports and studies of the Kefauver Committee, Mr. Bell cites evidence to show that these corporate giants can now finance their own expansion without recourse to the market and have reached spectacularly low "break even" points and high profit levels.

There is not much to quarrel with in this phase of Mr. Bell's exposition, although—valuable as the Kefauver studies are—I would have preferred additional documentation from other sources and more discussion of the old and important question as to what can or should be done about the situation. In this connection I wish Mr. Bell had given more extensive consideration to the argument of corporate management that, both because of the nature of modern industry, with its heavy capital investment, and the cyclical character of our economy, corporations must necessarily strive for high returns in good years as a protection against lean ones.

Mr. Bell goes on, however, to indict the collective bargaining process. The effect of union pressure, he says, "has been to help install a mechanism whereby the large corporation is able to strengthen its price position in the market." Collective bargaining has become the substitute for basing-point systems, price umbrellas, and informal collusion; as a result, any union which seeks higher wages for its members is converted, albeit unwillingly, into "a partner in a collusive enterprise which strong-arms the rest of the community."

But the fact that the steel companies have, in the past, timed their price increases so as to direct the public wrath against the union rather than themselves hardly amounts to a showing that it is the union which has installed the mechanism by which the companies have been able to raise prices. There is no basis for assuming that another scapegoat would not be found—or the necessity for a scapegoat entirely dispensed with—if the union were not available. And, in any case, the appropriate remedy would

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seem to be adequate public consciousness of the facts, rather than the elimination of collective bargaining. And as to those facts concerning steel and auto price policies, Mr. Bell is quite clear—and quite correct—in disputing what he calls the "propaganda about the wage-price spiral."

Precisely what would Mr. Bell have unions do on this score? Practically and legally, unions can do very little about business pricing policies, particularly in those sectors of the economy (like auto and steel) in which prices are established without too much reference, if any, to the demand situation. On numerous occasions the auto union vigorously protested the pricing policies of the automobile industry. The steel union, notably in the recent dispute, forthrightly took the position that it was willing to limit its wage and benefit improvements to those which could be granted without the industry's increasing prices. What more could any union do under the circumstances?

MR. BELL cites the recent steel strike as the most glaring example of his theory that corporations "subvert" the collective bargaining process by using it to increase prices, making wage and other improvements won by the union an excuse for unwarranted expansion of profits. The reason he views the recent steel dispute as a particularly horrendous illustration of this practice is that in his opinion the union's economic gains were so small as to nullify the pretense by either industry or union that any price adjustments were warranted. Finally, he charges that the steel industry has already proceeded to increase prices desite the fact that in the settlement "the industry was the economic victor."

I am forced to say that I can scarcely recognize the steel settlement and its aftermath from Mr. Bell's description. Here I vigorously challenge him on the facts, as well as on his main thesis.

In describing the settlement (which was a 30-month settlement, extending from January 1960, to July 1, 1962) Mr. Bell says that in "straight wage terms, the steel workers will receive an increase of 8.2 cents an hour in December 1960, more than a year after the strike, and a second, 7.6 cents increase in October 1961." This is a wholly distorted account. If the total economic settlement for steelworkers after a 116-day strike were indeed two wage increases amounting to 15.8 cents for a 30-month period, then Mr. Bell would be right in calling the industry the economic victor. It is simply not true, however, that the workers must wait until December 1960, more than a year after the strike, to receive substantial economic benefits.

Under the settlement agreement, effective January 1, 1960 (the strike was settled on January 4, 1960), the union achieved a major economic victory in persuading the industry to absorb and take over the complete cost of the then existing insurance program, which had been financed, on a 50-50 basis, by employer and employee contributions. If account is taken of the increased cost of the existing insurance package, as well as the new insurance benefits provided, the maintenance of the old 50-50 system would have meant a payroll deduction for the average steelworker of almost 9 cents per hour. Converting the program to a noncontributory one, this gave the average steelworker immediate and substantial economic gain which, unlike a wage increase, was not taxable.

Even if the new insurance benefits and the increased cost of the old benefits are ignored, the average steelworker has his cash take-home pay increased, as of January 1, 1960, by the same amount as if he had received an 8.5 cents wage increase. With these factors, he received the equivalent of at least 10.5 cents. Mr. Bell also completely overlooks the fact that the pension program was substantially increased. While union and company estimates have differed on the amount, responsible actuaries have estimated the value of the pension improvements in steel at about 3 cents per hour.

Furthermore, Mr. Bell has not described the wage payments accurately. The wage increase payable in December 1960 is not 8.2 cents but 9.4 cents (because of impact on incentive payments of the wage increases). Similarly, the wage increase due in October 1961 is not 7.6 cents but rather 8.7 cents. These figures do not, I hasten to add, include the so-called indirect costs which the industry argues should be included in the computation, but are limited to the direct increase in wages paid to the employees.

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In sum, then, the economic package won by the steelworkers is more than twice the amount computed by Mr. Bell—and I have not only used the most conservative estimate but I have also excluded any consideration of indirect costs arising from such items as vacations, holidays, shift premiums, etc.

True, the union mortgaged and modified its cost-of-living escalator, pledging it against possible increases in the cost to the companies of the insurance program. I have no apologies whatever for this very necessary collective-bargaining compromise. The quid pro quo for this concession, after all, was a wholly non-contributory insurance program, for which the union struck unsuccessfully in 1949.

Now let us turn to the other side of Mr. Bell's coin—steel prices. There have been no price increases whatever in steel products since the steel settlement. In fact, it should be said in all fairness to the steel industry that there have even been a few minor reductions in prices.

Now, I don't know how long the present freeze on steel prices will continue; but I do think it is of major significance—and perhaps completely destructive of Mr. Bell's entire thesis—that for several months already and for some months to come, the steel industry has applied a substantial increase in wages and economic benefits without increasing prices. I believe that the recent steel dispute proved that industry is finding it more and more difficult to make labor unions the scapegoat for exorbitant pricing policies. The strong stand taken by the Steelworkers Union against this, the similarly articulate position of the Auto Workers, the long-delayed force of public opinion, the increasing awareness of the press about the equities of the situation, the impact of government agencies like the Kefauver Committee, the force of competition—all of these, as illustrated by steel, have created a situation where a substantial increase has been granted to a union without a corresponding price adjustment. If these forces remain vigilant, perhaps there will be no price increases following the election in November.

And even if I am wrong, the appropriate remedy, it seems to me, is hardly that suggested by Mr. Bell. If powerful industries continue to use wage increases as a *false* justification for unwarranted price increases, the proper answer is not to abandon the goal of economic improvement through collective bargaining, but to correct the factors which *genuinely* lead to that result.

But a more fundamental thesis of Mr. Bell's article than the "scapegoat" idea is that collective bargaining cannot really affect the level of wages. By simple, and undocumented, economic logic he postulates that union pressure can only affect the "*structure of wages* (i.e. the relative spread between industries—say, steel and textiles)" and cannot change the distribution of the total economic product between employers and workers. On this hypothesis, *every* union—except a wholly ineffectual one—is necessarily "a partner in a collusive enterprise which strong-arms the rest of the community." And this would have to be as true of collective bargaining in its beginnings (when, according to Mr. Bell, it was "an instrumentality for economic and social justice") as it is today. What follows from Mr. Bell's argument, then, is not that collective bargaining has been subverted but that it was *always* subversive.

Such, indeed, is the conclusion of the conservative economists who share Mr. Bell's postulate. As a matter of simple, classical, economic theory they demonstrated a generation ago that all collective bargaining on wages is socially harmful and can lead only to distortion of an economic structure which, if left undisturbed by monopolistic elements like unions, would produce the greatest good for the greatest number!

This is surely not the place, nor am I the one, to re-argue the question of whether laissez-faire economic theory is a meaningful description of the society in which we live. But I am surprised at Mr. Bell's uncritical assertion, without even an attempt at proof, of one of its basic postulates. This assertion is the basic premise of his conclusion concerning collective bargaining. All the rest is window dressing.

On second thought, the rest is not window dressing. To the contrary, it proves the error of Mr. Bell's theoretical postulate. It demonstrates in our economy price (and wage) levels are not inexorably determined by economic law. There are large areas in

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which prices (and wages) are administered. There is no iron law as to either, and social forces can affect both. I believe that collective bargaining has had, and certainly can have, an effect in increasing labor's share of the total product, both directly and by inducing increases in productivity. I refuse to accept an unverified postulate that this result simply cannot occur. Nor do I understand, if Mr. Bell's postulate is correct, why unions should turn from wage bargaining to applying economic pressure on corporations to reduce prices. The money supply, Mr. Bell tells us, would still determine the over-all price (and, by implication, wage) level and the only result would be an inverse effect on the structure of wages.*

Nor do I believe that the wage increases which have taken place in the highly organized auto and steel industries with their powerful unions, have prejudiced the less organized and less powerful unions in other industries. On the contrary, it is my firm view—a view which is supported by respectable economic opinion—that the pressure of the rise of wages in steel and auto has helped to raise the wages of lower-paid groups. While the rippling effect in steel and auto has been exaggerated by these industries for their own purposes, there is, nevertheless, an element of truth in the claim that a settlement in these basic industries helps to provide the basis for wage movements in other industries.

I AM also very much perplexed by a concluding observation of Mr. Bell's, which I find somewhat unrelated to his main thesis. In reviewing the traditional goals of collective bargaining—providing security; raising wages; eliminating job discrimination; providing for impartial arbitration, etc.—Mr. Bell seems to assume that these goals have been achieved. At best this assumption is only partially true. However, he then goes on to advocate—as though it were a new goal—the importance of achieving for the blue-collar worker the economic status of a white-collar worker—namely, an annual wage.

Now, I have reservations as to the extent to which the annual wage has really been achieved by the white-collar worker in major American industry. Beyond this, however, I am puzzled. How can so perspicacious a writer as Daniel Bell discuss the annual wage as an unrealized goal of the labor movement, without mentioning the great achievements of steel and other unions (like auto) in winning supplementary unemployment benefits (SUB)? SUB, of course, is not a guaranteed annual wage. It is a method, developed in the collective bargaining process, of meeting the social need for which an annual wage is suggested. Under the SUB plans in steel, for example, an unemployed worker with two years seniority receives from the company for a period of 52 weeks beginning with his layoff, not the calendar year, an amount of money which, when added to unemployment compensation, equals 65 per cent of his take-home pay. In the 1958 recession alone, the steel industry paid out more than $50,000,000 in benefits under these plans. In the steel communities, every worker, every merchant, every family can testify to the value of these plans.

Now 65 per cent is not 100 per cent. But it is subject to negotiation in future collective bargaining. So are the negotiated pensions and insurance programs—programs which I think Mr. Bell has slighted, not only in his description of the steel settlement but in his whole estimation of the role of collective bargaining. The major achievements of collective bargaining since 1949 have been in these "fringe" areas. Largely due to the emphasis which the major unions have placed on these programs, a substantial portion of the American labor force, organized and unorganized, has some protection against the hazards of

* Perhaps I read Mr. Bell wrongly. Perhaps he is not resting his argument on the simple logic of laissez-faire economics but means to say that the burden of increases in wages in *some* industries, such as steel and auto, have been shifted to the general public because of the price policies of the dominant corporations. This is a far different argument and the answer to it is the one I first suggested—that the remedy must be directed at the pricing policies rather than at collective bargaining. I know of no basis for assuming that the unions in these industries will depart from their present policy of seeking only those wage increases which can be justified without increasing prices. To the extent that others have been able to manipulate labor's actions for their own purpose, I believe the answer is not labor inaction but exposure of the manipulation.

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illness and age, protections provided by the employer as an incident to employment and which existed only to an insignificant degree when those unions began the "subversive" process of collective bargaining in this area little more than ten years ago. Much remains to be done; in the 1959 settlements in the can and aluminum industries, a new step was taken, the provision of hospital and surgical insurance for retired workers —which is still in the future in basic steel and most other industries.

One final thought. Before the steel strike, I, like Mr. Bell, was deeply disturbed about the future of collective bargaining in America. I was disturbed, not because I feared collective bargaining had lost its vitality, as Mr. Bell does, but because I detected an employer attitude which if carried to its logical conclusion—and if acquiesced in by the labor movement either because of weakness or lack of resolution—would destroy or emasculate collective bargaining. In a Sidney Hillman lecture at Madison, Wisconsin, in November 1958, I described by concern with this "hardening of attitudes" in management and voiced the fear that it spelled trouble on the American labor-management scene. Having been pessimistic on that occasion, I want to say that one dividend of the steel dispute has been to make me no longer so fearful. Although I know that all of the troubles ahead have not been solved, the tremendous courage and unparalleled unity of the steelworkers during the 116-day strike, have, in my opinion, contributed largely to dilating management's arteries and reducing its high blood pressure. I have noticed the same improvement in other industries, where some settlements were concluded even before steel's.

I feel impelled, therefore, to counsel Mr. Bell to cheer up. The collective bargaining process, which is so much a part of our national life, still contains that peculiarly wonderful American ability and vitality—qualities which will bring forth better programs to help lead us to the good society which we all seek.

—ARTHUR J. GOLDBERG

[*Arthur J. Goldberg is general counsel both of the Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO and of the United Steelworkers of America.*]

Mr. Bell Replies

THIS reply must necessarily be brief and, on some of the facts, perhaps overly dogmatic, but I received Mr. Goldberg's piece while abroad, and I do not have on hand either my article or some of the supporting data to reply more adequately. The questions can best be taken up seriatim.

1) I remember the time when the labor movement maintained it was an instrument for bringing about a better life for all sections of society. On that basis it laid claim to the support of sympathetic intellectuals and of "enlightened" public opinion. But if labor no longer has such high pretensions, why should it expect more public support than is given to, say, the American Automobile Association or to any other agency which serves as a pressure group for its constituents? It is strange that Mr. Goldberg should so readily write off labor's role in creating a better life. It is especially disturbing in the light of my major contention—that in narrowing their concerns to bargaining, many unions have allowed the corporations to help impose a "hidden tax mechanism" on the consumers of the country.

2) I am surprised by Mr. Goldberg's defensive demand for "additional documentation" on the pricing policies and break-even points of the corporations. As he knows, the unions supplied some of the documentation. In any event, the more recent reports by Otto Eckstein, for the Douglas Committee, demonstrate that steel prices had advanced beyond both the range of other industries and the allowable limits of the market, indicating once again the steel companies' large degree of "market power."

3) I didn't say that unions were part of a conspiracy to raise prices; I have never considered any social process that simple. But, despite the evident pique of the companies, it is quite clear that both they and the unions know "the rules of the game"—how much each will ultimately get and the price each is prepared to pay. The fact remains that collective bargaining *has* become

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the occasion for price increases for which the union does serve as a scapegoat.

4) Mr. Goldberg, a careful advocate, has misread my article on a very explicit point. I did not say that the steel companies began to raise their prices after the strike settlement. The *Wall Street Journal* article which I quoted said that *other* companies and retailers were beginning to raise their prices, using the steel settlement as an excuse, and that furniture stores in steel areas were increasing their prices because the steelworkers knew anyway that prices always go up after wages do. Since the extraordinary production of steel plus the large stockpiling in the first quarter took care of a first and even second quarter demand, it was evident that the steel companies would not increase their prices immediately; nor would they want to create a political issue. But let us wait until the end of the year and see.

5) Despite the elaborate figuring on benefits won—and much of this is technical, for I discussed *straight* wage rates while Mr. Goldberg adds in incentive pay—one minor and one major fact remain. The minor one is increased welfare costs; from all past experience, they have rarely come as high as the initial estimates, so I shall reserve my judgment. But what is more important is the fact that the steel union in effect surrendered the cost-of-living escalator clause—the union's basic defense against inflation during the last ten years. The consequences of this surrender are still to be assessed.

6) I can't argue here the complicated problem of the effect of unions on wages. One of the reasons I maintain unions are not responsible for inflation is the fact that they do not generally affect the level of wages. If Mr. Goldberg is right in saying that unions do have such an effect, he should also be prepared to accept propaganda that the wage-price spiral is the cause of inflation—he can't have it both ways. Suffice to say, almost every economist knows that the *distributive* shares—that is, the proportion going to wages as against other factors—has remained relatively unchanged in the last decades; Clark Kerr wrote a decisive paper on this years ago. Unions certainly have had enormous social impact on the grievance process, on technology, etc; but in the area of wages they have reflected market forces rather than determined them. But like Chanticleer the cock, the unions think that crowing makes the sun rise.

7) On my last important point, Mr. Goldberg, sadly, has misread me again. It was my fault, in part, in casually using the phrase "annual wage." But a reading of the section would indicate plainly that I was not talking about unemployment benefits or supplements or the like, but about the fact that the blue-collar worker is paid by the piece or hour and about the immorality of such payment. Moreover, the fact he is so paid also allows the corporations to treat him as a commodity in the concrete sense of laying off a worker at odd hours during the day or week. Many auto workers, for example, work as many as twenty to thirty "short work weeks" (less than forty hours) a year. No clerical worker is laid off so casually, at 2:30 in the afternoon, say, two days a week. To pay a man by the week, month, or year is to abolish invidious status distinctions.

ALL *these,* however, are debating points. What strikes me most strongly about Mr. Goldberg's long letter is that it so largely neglects my major thesis—that through self-financing and through protected market power over prices, the corporations have a means of imposing a "hidden tax" on consumers, and are able to divert large sums of the national product to their sectors, while efforts to raise similar sums for public services are extremely difficult. It is much easier to appropriate billions for roads than for schools or housing because of the predominant social power of the auto and oil companies. The unions, I argued, have become part of an irresponsible social process, and despite some rhetorical statements about prices, have failed to confront the question among themselves. This is still the burden of my argument, and one which Mr. Goldberg has failed to meet.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Seven Nazis

To the Editor of Commentary:

The night seven Nazis were hanged was, as Arthur Settel [May] has occasion to mention, a joint experience of his and mine. Settel is a good, evocative reporter. I had previously helped with the review of one of the seven cases, and I observed the meticulous, soul-searching fidelity to truth and duty with which Mr. McCloy confirmed the death sentences. That is worth saying and repeating. I am prompted to write, however, by what touches me more personally: Mr. Podhoretz's comment on Settel's memoir, in which he takes a position that I should like, but am unable, to understand.

To borrow a word Mr. Podhoretz uses in his comments on a separate point, I am inescapably a Jew; I might say ineradicably. I am also deeply convinced that capital punishment is irrational and evil. My conviction might not have hardened as yet in 1951. I really can't say. I cannot now remember what it felt like not to abhor capital punishment. Settel reports me as saying then that the executions should have taken place earlier, and that they would do no harm politically. I have no cause now to retract that. At any rate, when it became apparent that duty did not foreclose a choice, I elected not to see the hangings that Settel witnessed.

I felt as Settel did that there would be something—something almost delicious—of elemental justice in the killing of these men before my eyes and in the appearance of my name on their death certificates. My blood was on their hands, and quite literally so; the blood of my kin. I recall expressing this thought at the time in a letter to my father. But I stayed away. And I should naturally like to think, and have since thought, that it was not merely out of squeamishness, but on principle, or at least on an emergent principle; namely, that legal killing (war to the side, and I assert the difference without arguing it here) is an evil to which, if duty permits a choice, I will not lend myself in any way. I do not now, certainly, hesitate to include these executions in my condemnation of capital punishment.

But Mr. Podhoretz not only sees "of course, a vast difference" between killing a Barbara Graham or, I would assume, a Caryl Chessman, on the one hand, and an Oswald Pohl on the other; he also tells me that for a Jew to condemn these executions altogether is barbaric. Yet, he allows, "capital punishment is surely wrong."

I pause to catch my breath. Capital punishment is immoral, as he tells us Camus has said, because it is the invocation of absolute and irrevocable means to implement relative and fallible judgments. I have indicated what I think of the quality of Mr. McCloy's judgment in these cases. But surely it remained relative and fallible. There should be no difficulty in passing judgment on the crimes as such. Our moral categories and our confidence, albeit finite, in their validity should be equal to that task. But when it comes to these seven men, to a determination of the facts of their behavior and to an assessment of their individual guilt—there, though as to one at least I myself was persuaded beyond doubt—there judgment is of necessity too painfully relative and fallible to justify killing.

Nor is that all that needs to be said concerning the immorality of capital punishment. It is immoral under any circumstances to a Mr. Britt, the professional executioner, whom it causes to do our killing, and whom it cannot help but brutalize in the process. All for what? For the sake of some mystic irrationality Mr. Podhoretz calls retribution, which we all naturally respond to in some degree, but which we ought all to be humane and human (the distinction is his) and civilized enough to rise above—all of us, Jews with the rest.

Alexander M. Bickel
Associate Professor of Law
Yale University Law School
New Haven, Connecticut

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To the Editor of Commentary:

The editor's comments on Arthur Settel's moving recollection of the execution of seven Nazis were addressed to Jewish readers. As a non-Jew (of Irish descent) I would like to broaden the issue he raised to include the attitudes I suggest non-Jews must take toward the gruesome subject of retribution for crimes against a particular group of human beings.

The criminals in question were more guilty of unspeakable atrocities against Jews than against non-Jews. But Mr. Settel says that these atrocities were described in the four-power charter as "crimes against humanity." Although Jews were the principal victims of Nazism, any sensitive non-Jew recognizes that the demoniac drive of the Nazis encompassed all of humanity but themselves. Nazis divided the world into two classes, the human and the superhuman. We who call ourselves human must condemn the superhuman as *in*human. For this reason judgment and execution of the seven was carried out largely by non-Jews—on behalf of humanity.

When I visited Dachau for the first time last summer, trying to reconstruct the unbelievable scenes of bestiality that had taken place there, I did not think of the victims as Jews (some were not) but as people somehow related to *me*. It is this kinship that makes it right to stand absolutely against the torturers who may look like ordinary men, but who bear no spiritual relationship to humanity.

Robert W. Minton
Vice President
Free Europe Organizations and Publications
New York, N.Y.

To the Editor of Commentary:

Evaluating the executions described by Arthur Settel, Norman Podhoretz wrote in his column, "Would it not be nobler to surrender to our spontaneous outrage . . . to honor our impulses of charity and compassion above our wish to see vengeance done . . .?" This "is not a question that can be answered lightly or dogmatically," notwithstanding the fact that the desire for vengeance is admittedly "primitive."

The effort to answer the question does indeed challenge "the limits of our moral capacity." But whose moral capacity, primarily, is involved here? The executions were ordered and handled in the name of the United States government, acting in concert with the governments of France, Great Britain, and the USSR. The relevant moral capacity might therefore seem to belong to all the citizens of the four countries concerned—at the very least, to the citizens of the United States. Yet Mr. Podhoretz's comments proceed, irresponsibly, to ignore this crucial general question in order to discuss instead a specially Jewish one.

It is interesting, and doubtless to the average non-Jew mildly consoling, to know that one can "force himself to approve of the hanging because he is a Jew." From this perspective, "a cold-blooded execution . . . seems . . . to approach adequacy" and cold-bloodedness, professionalism, impersonality, so viewed, "seem *right*." These, I grant, are facts. . . . But if they are sufficient or even necessary to build a case for capital punishment *per se* their significance escapes me.

Conscientious non-Jews, weighed down by moral questionings they have brought upon themselves through effecting these executions, might find solace by converting to Judaism. But this surely is not the moral of Mr. Podhoretz's argument.

What, then, for the non-Jew, is its moral?

Cecil Miller
Manhattan, Kansas

Mr. Podhoretz *writes:*

Mr. Bickel, of course, is right when he says that *logically* one's opposition to capital punishment must admit of no exceptions. Yet my point was precisely that I could not in all honesty adhere to this logic even though I am myself an opponent of capital punishment, and that the reason is that I am unwilling as a Jew to blunt the edge of my feelings about the Nazis. I used the word "barbaric" to describe any Jew's unambiguous condemnation of the executions because I believe that there are two kinds of barbarism, one at the "lower"—or primitive—end of the scale and another at the "upper"—or civilized—end. (What made the Nazis a uniquely monstrous phenomenon was that they brought the two forms together: the savagery, brutality, and cruelty we associate with wild animals and the complete divorce from spontaneous "natural" feeling that we associate with an overly urbanized and

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mechanized culture.) There is nothing mystical about this distinction; nor is the epithet "natural" especially problematic in this connection: even the law recognizes the difference between "cold-blooded" (i.e. "unfeeling") murder and murder for the sake of revenge or passion (which is assumed to be natural in certain cases).

I quite agree with Messrs. Miller and Minton that the predicament I was trying to describe is not one peculiar to Jews. I limited my analysis to Jews only because I think that the Jews present a relatively simple case as compared with people who never suffered personally from the Nazis. The Jews, after all, were persecuted by Hitler for no reason other than their Jewishness, which means that *any* Jew anywhere was potentially one of his victims.

The Puerto Rican Mind

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I should like to comment on the Kazin "Controversy" on Puerto Rico that appeared in the May COMMENTARY.

I am sure that there is some truth in what Mr. Kazin said. I, a Puerto Rican, also react negatively to noises, whether caused by the North American-made vehicle that sells ice cream or by the many other apparatuses which technology brings. I, too, dislike the garbage-strewn lots of *any* underprivileged area whether the city is Rio Piedras, New York, Philadelphia, or Austin. . . . But what I resent most in Mr. Kazin's comments are their truculent air and their ignorance of the *whole* of Puerto Rican society. . . . The many subcultural groups which constitute modern Puerto Rican society cannot be dismissed with generalized observations which have been limited to a narrow segment of the academic world and have been couched in terms of North American middle-class values.

It must have been hard for Mr. Kazin, innocent as he is of the language of the Puerto Ricans, to elicit any worthwhile comment in matters, ideological and spiritual. A people, any people, best express the intimate and affective areas of their ethos through the language in which they were raised.

The deep sense of *dignidad* that Margaret Mead so well understood in her studies of Latin American cultures seems to Mr. Kazin to be "sensitiveness without pride" or bovine passivity. The fact escapes him that his position as teacher and lecturer at the University of Puerto Rico gave him a respected place in Puerto Rican society and that students do not openly disagree with their professors unless they have had training in North American universities or spoken with North American friends. . . . If Mr. Kazin had aired his views in the discussion groups which are part and parcel of certain segments of the Puerto Rican society, he would have found another modality of the Puerto Rican mind and psychological structure. . . .

SYLVIA VIERA DE JEFFREY

Austin, Texas

Two Parallel Revolutions

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Since the review of my book, *The Military and Industrial Revolution of Our Time* [by George Lichtheim, February] gave readers an inadequate and to some extent distorted picture of my ideas, a few observations seem necessary.

I wrote in my introduction that "The military revolution of our time is moving forward parallel with the second industrial revolution; in fact it was the military revolution which originally launched the industrial revolution." The review quotes this passage, but quite fails to mention that it is the starting point of a series of ideas designed to prove that in certain important respects the relationship between the military and the industrial revolutions today is fundamentally different from their relationship in former historical periods.

In Part Two of my book, "The Second Industrial Revolution," a whole chapter, "The Relationship between the Military and Industrial Revolutions," is devoted to a concrete analysis of these ideas.

On page 112 I wrote: "In modern times, from the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Era up to the twentieth century and the two world wars, there has been absolutely no development which could even remotely be compared with the present-day military revolution. . . . The usual situation in such matters was that technical developments in industry *came first* [underlined in this connection—F.S.] and then gradually affected the military sphere, whereupon

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the requisite military organizational and technical conclusions were drawn and the army organization appropriately adapted. The wars of the twentieth century offer us a variety of instructive samples underlining this general process." On page 114, I wrote: "Today, for the first time in modern history, the main source of technical revolutionization . . . lies in the military sphere. . . ." The book then proceeds to show in concrete detail how, *as a result* of the military revolution, the industrial revolution has been fundamentally effected, and will probably continue to be effected in the future.

The review quotes a passage from page 190: "The Asiatic revolutions have this in common with both the French and Russian Revolutions, that they are taking place in primarily agricultural countries. . . ." From this quotation, readers may get the impression that I am dealing with obvious matters of course. But this is not so, and immediately after the passage quoted in the review I write: "But to regard the modern Asiatic revolutions as analogous with the French Revolution would be to overlook certain decisive factors which are specific to Asiatic development." Under the heading "The New Relationship between Town and Country," I then go on to show that at the time of the Great French Revolution, France was one of the most highly developed countries in the world, whereas the Asiatic countries are very backward economically.

IT IS also pointed out that the Asiatic nations have entered their revolutionary phase during a period of history when those industries which are of great importance for the increase of productivity in agriculture have been highly developed in both Europe and the United States for generations. I then go on to say (on page 192): "Because those industries which can bring about the modernization of agriculture have been developed so powerfully outside Asia, the Asiatic countries will not have to wait until they have laboriously developed them as a result of their own industrialization. It will be possible to use artificial fertilizers, tractors, modern agricultural machinery, modern artificial irrigation, electricity, atomic energy, and so on, in the countries of Asia long before the requisite metallurgical, chemical and electrical industries are developed there." The Asiatic countries have an opportunity—as Europe and the United States did not—to do two things at the same time: force forward their process of industrialization and simultaneously increase very considerably the productivity of their agriculture. From this it follows that in the future we shall see a different functional relationship between town and country in Asia than the one we have been accustomed to in Europe and the United States.

To the remark in my introduction that, "For the first time we have entered into the phase of *world* history," the reviewer has two observations to make—the first: "Has there ever been a time which was not 'a period of world history'?" and the second: "For Dr. Sternberg, however, everything that happened before 1945 is pre-history."

I can only reply that we have had several thousand years of human history which was certainly not *world* history in the sense in which I defined it. In those days there was the history of individual states, even of individual continents—but there was not *world* history.

The second statement is completely misleading. What I really said about history before 1945 was that it was not *world* history. The reviewer goes on to say: "The meaning of this statement is a little obscure." Not if you read my book with the necessary care and attention. On page 319, under the last headline in Chapter VIII, "The Period of World History Has Begun," I stress the specific points which characterize the present period of *world* history and distinguish it from the periods which preceded it. . . .

On the question of financing investment in the work of construction in India, the reviewer writes: "This was the dilemma which drove the Russian Revolution into the Stalinist impasse. Dr. Sternberg . . . sees an easy solution in the availability of foreign economic aid to make up the balance." In my opinion the differences between the development in Asia, and particularly in India, and the development in Russia far outweigh the similarities. . . . I pointed out in my book—as I have done again here—that the increase of agricultural production in India can be *synchronized* with the great process of industrialization. . . .

The Second Indian Five-Year Plan experienced critical moments. If the Third

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Indian Five-Year Plan is to be a complete success, and if further economic convulsions are to be avoided, then greater assistance—to extend over the whole period of the new Five-Year Plan—will be necessary from the United States and from Western Europe.

Asiatic problems, however, were not the central issue of my book, and they were dealt with only in a very brief fashion—as they are in these notes.

FRITZ STERNBERG

Munich, West Germany

More on Macdonald

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Even in the Columbia School of Journalism, I'm sure they try to teach students not to generalize so flagrantly about (1) candidates, and (2) writers and journalists. I fear that Dwight Macdonald ["The Candidates and I," April] is tired. A road that begins with (a) Trotsky and ends with (b) Anarchism must contain enough confusion to befuddle even a brighter student of the human scene than he gives evidence of being in his article.

It's confusing to read (1) that only on the local level does politics count and (2) the Supreme Court started the Negro on the path of improved civil rights. Also that he apparently thinks (a) we can individually negotiate nuclear testing bans with Khrushchev or (b) perhaps hold Town Meetings to accomplish this on a village level.

And Mr. Macdonald, why didn't you just ask (1) Mr. Lippmann and (2) Mr. Kennan whom they'd prefer for president?

ARTHUR J. STROM

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Of course, it's understandable that Dwight Macdonald can't generate any enthusiasm for the 1960 candidates—they haven't been nominated yet, a little thing that seems to have eluded his attention . . .

It's the contention of utopians like Macdonald and me that, in contrast to the violent revolutionists, the Communists, Trotskyists, etc., we care about people "here and not there," as Macdonald once put it, "now and not then." Yet Macdonald too is willing to forgo the small but concrete difference that Stevenson and Eisenhower make in our lives out of allegiance to an anarchism which somehow "leads back to the individual and the community." Well, it leads there, I agree, but by a pretty roundabout route, and meanwhile here we are, here and now. Somehow it escapes me how a considered vote will delay the arrival of Utopia.

NATHAN HENRY

New York City

Tillich and Hook

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Perhaps it might clear up some of Professor Hook's ["Modern Knowledge and the Idea of God," March] confusion over Tillich's "ultimate" to remember a few passages from Professor Tillich's essay "Moralisms and Morality: Theonomous Ethics" (in *Theology of Culture*). Tillich writes as if hearing the voice of Hook:

"People today are afraid of the term 'unconditional.' This is understandable if one considers the way in which many rather conditioned ideas and methods have been imposed on individuals and groups in the name of an unconditioned truth, authoritatively and through suppression. The destructive consequences of such a demonic absolutism have produced a reaction even against the term unconditional. The mere word provokes passionate resistance. But not everything which is psychologically understandable is for this reason true. Even the most outspoken relativists cannot avoid something absolute. They acknowledge the unconditional quest to follow logical rules in their reasoning, and to act according to the law of scientific honesty in their thinking and speaking. Their character as scientific personalities is dependent on the unconditional acceptance of these principles."

Tillich goes on to distinguish, as Professor Hook oddly does not, between "moralisms," which are conditioned and therefore only relatively valid, and "morality," the moral imperative, which is "unconditional." Unconditional because the moral imperative "puts our essential being as a demand against" our actual, existent being. And the argument to establish the validity of this construct seems to me the most elementary lesson of Platonism.

PAUL LAUTER

Amherst, Mass.

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A Contribution to the "Dialogue"*

MARSHALL SKLARE

IN ADDITION to the timeliness of its appearance just before the presidential contest the obvious significance of this volume is its contribution to the "Dialogue." The participants in the symposium—Stringfellow Barr of Rutgers, Martin E. Marty of the *Christian Century,* Robert McAfee Brown of the Union Theological Seminary, Arthur A. Cohen of Meridian Books, Arthur Gilbert of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, and Allyn P. Robinson of the National Conference of Christians and Jews—enthusiastically endorse the "Dialogue" (only Arthur Cohen, who is himself so engaged, refrains from pressing the point). Perhaps the most fervent appeal for the confrontation of one faith with another is made by Dr. Marty: "It has been dialogue rather than commitment which we have lacked. In the past, Protestants and Catholics have been engaged in successive monologues. Dialogue will profit us both, will enrich our free society, and cannot but lead us both past many of the obstacles which bar a joyful vision of our common history and future as Christians in the American milieu."

The contributors feel that while the publication of this volume is a hopeful sign, the difficulty of involving Catholics in "Dialogue" constitutes an ever present barrier; they repeatedly stress the need for Catholics to leave what they term a "ghetto" and to engage more freely in discourse with persons of other religions. Their feelings are apparent in Dr. Marty's declaration: ". . . it is frustrating to be told that the Catholics present [at religious seminars] are not there to discuss theology. They are under orders to discuss social issues of the free society, but must exclude basic religious issues. . . . Were I to state a Protestant 'dream'—*my* Protestant dream—for this chapter, it would be that out of this could come from a Roman Catholic bishop the invitation for such sanctioned exchange." The contributors stress that Catholics and Protestants in certain European countries have engaged in "Dialogue" without disastrous consequences; they seek to allay Catholic anxieties by quoting a priest who said that it is possible ". . . to break down the barriers without disturbing the boundaries."

This leads us to a consideration of the last chapter of *American Catholics: A Protestant-Jewish View.* It is entitled "A Catholic Postscript" and is written by the noted theologian, Father Gustave Weigel. Father Weigel is at pains to stress that a Catholic editor of a Catholic publishing house has organized this enterprise, and that consequently the bill of particulars presented by the Protestant and Jewish contributors should not be taken amiss: "They [the contributors] may indeed err in their evaluation of American Catholic reality but this is not a controversy or a debate. We have humbly asked them to state what they see in us, and in kindly fashion they have granted us our petition. To become angry with them because they do us the favor we ourselves have begged is hardly the reaction consistent with our prayer."

Father Weigel does not debate Catholic theology with the contributors or comment on their criticisms of attempts to enforce Catholic morality on non-Catholics, or analyze their citations of Spain and Colombia as examples of what may occur when Catholicism becomes a majority religion. Rather, he asks his fellow Catholics to study the essays so that they may learn how they appear to others. He suggests that the result-

* A review of *American Catholics: A Protestant-Jewish View,* edited by PHILIP SCHARPER (Sheed & Ward, 235 pp., $3.75).

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ing insight might eventuate in Catholics correcting ". . . any angularities which derive from our historical conditioning. Our faith distinguishes us from all those who do not share it, but there are modes and manners which stem not from our beliefs but from the environment which our fathers in part found and in part created. We do not at all want to drop the characteristic marks of our faith, but there is no need to hang on to modal quirks and kinks which might make us stand out as an unpleasant people. . . ."

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that Father Weigel is interested only in bettering Catholic public relations, or that he seeks even to improve the chances of a Catholic candidate's winning the nation's highest office. Rather, he is interested in "Dialogue" because he is interested in Ecumenicalism, and interested in improving the appeal of Catholicism in that movement: "If we are to get into the ecumenical swim, we must *get into* it. We cannot merely watch it critically from the shore. Once more we must by our actions correct any disagreeable image others may have of us. We must know and be known." Father Weigel's purpose is thus not only to increase understanding but to heal a breach in Christendom; taking religion seriously, he is aware that "Dialogue" is capable of disturbing boundaries as well as reducing interreligious tensions.

PERHAPS the most intriguing aspect of this volume are the contributions of the Jewish authors; after all, a good deal of what the Protestants have to say can be found in other places. While the literature which has emanated from Jewish sources designed to correct Christian misunderstanding of Jews and Judaism is voluminous, the literature on Jewish attitudes toward Catholics and Catholicism is almost non-existent. With the exception of Will Herberg, and to a lesser extent Leo Pfeffer, there has been considerable reluctance to express Jewish attitudes in this area. Not that Jews have been uncritical of Catholicism. Rather, they have thought it wisest to let the Protestants do the talking. What would it profit Jewish status to fish in such troubled waters? Could not efforts aimed at increasing interreligious understanding be handicapped by a frank exposition of Jewish attitudes?

In this context it is encouraging to note that one of the two Jewish contributors to this volume is a staff member of an important Jewish agency. If Rabbi Gilbert's participation is symptomatic of a diminishing Jewish reticence about speaking freely on sensitive matters, it is indeed a hopeful sign. In any case, Mr. Cohen's fascinating essay contains a note rarely sounded in these discussions: "The myth (and I do believe that it is a myth) of the Judeo-Christian tradition obscures the vast chasm of being which separates the two faiths." He further states that "It should not surprise reflective Catholics to discover that Jews are, by and large, suspicious—if not openly hostile—toward the Catholic Church." He traces Jewish hostility in part to the ". . . historical anguish of the Jewish people amid the Christian nations of Europe. It is a record of exclusion, disability, dislocation and death." He thinks that "historical anguish" is felt even by the marginal Jew: "It might be imagined that as assimilation takes its course, Jews might forget the wound of history. It is, however, the irony of Jewish destiny and an adumbration of its divinity that where Jews have forgotten all—all belief, all conviction, all practice—they remember the outrage of history."

Cohen distinguishes between what he calls the "natural Jew" ("liberal, secular intellectual, a latter-day caricature of the minor prophets") and what he terms the "supernatural Jew." His religious convictions are revealed in his statement that: "The natural Jew is reminded by history that he cannot erase the mark of supernatural destiny. As natural Jew—divested of supernatural motive and intention—he still comes before the church in questioning incredulity."

Rabbi Gilbert takes a much different starting point. Confessing his surprise at having encountered social science materials which contradict the notion he had that anti-Semitism was much stronger among Catholics than Protestants, he has formulated a number of questions: "Why is there a conviction among some in the Jewish community that the Catholic Church stimulates anti-Semitism? Is there a vigorous anti-Catholicism in the Jewish community? What is the image of the Catholic in the Jewish mind?" In the course of answering these questions, Rabbi Gilbert presents valuable

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material, much of which cannot be found elsewhere. His difficulty, however, resides in the fact that he hesitates to distinguish between the "natural Jew" and the "supernatural Jew," that he is loath to explore these positions and point out the poignancy of each. On the one hand he cannot but commend the Roman Catholics: "Catholic abhorrence of the secularization of both our society and our religious institutions is inspiring." This is the "supernatural Jew" talking. But in much of his exposition, he must tell of the feelings of "natural Jews"—an influential segment of the Jewish community. Here Rabbi Gilbert treads rather warily. He does not emphasize the belief of the "natural Jew" that secularism is the hope of mankind; he does not point up that some of his hostility to Catholicism can be traced to his feeling that the church is the prime anti-secular force in our world. Believing that the less religion the better the society, the "natural Jew" sees Catholicism as uniquely working to increase the role of religion in society, and thus tragically dividing an already fragmented mankind.

The pity of it is that because of the status of religion in American culture, the "natural Jew" cannot present his secularism as secularism. Rather, he purports to be a true friend of religion: "Most Jews believe that the First Amendment established a 'wall of separation' between church and state. This principle Jews judge to be essential in maintaining religious freedom, keeping our religions strong and vital, and insuring amicable relations between the various faith groups." Rabbi Gilbert is of course right—Jewish emancipation resulted from the secularization of society and thus Jewish security (and even the practice of the Jewish religion) is guaranteed best in a society where there is a "high wall" between church and state. But this recognition should not confuse the differing stances of "natural Jew" and "supernatural Jew." And here is the Jewish dilemma. For strategic reasons the "supernatural Jew" is forced to adopt the position of the "natural Jew"; he must mount the barricades in defense of secularism. The hesitancy of the "natural Jew" is all the more poignant. Rather than stressing that Jewish self-interest is involved, and that the natural is always preferable to the supernatural, he swears his loyalty to the objective of keeping religion "strong and vital." His true feelings can only be displayed within the privacy of the Jewish community. There he also insists that the "high wall" be maintained — that funds raised from the Jewish community at large not be used to support Jewish parochial schools, and that Jewish hospitals not be required to serve kosher food as a matter of course.

Though Father Weigel has not specialized in the study of American minority problems, I suspect that much of this is apparent to him—in his postscript, he makes a cryptic statement: "The Protestant writers do not show as much nervousness about their own groups as do the Jewish essayists." Tercentenary or no, Jewish insecurity is still apparent to those outside as well as inside the Jewish community. But we must remember that the present book is one of the first Jewish attempts at "Dialogue." The pioneers are to be commended on their accomplishments; our obligation is twofold: to tender them our thanks as well as to encourage their successors to surpass them.

The Negro in Britain

WHITE AND COLOURED. By MICHAEL BANTON. Rutgers University Press. 223 pp. $4.00.

Reviewed by FRED GRAHAM

THE central character in Brendan Behan's current London play, *The Hostage,* is a likeable cockney soldier named Leslie, who is captured by Irish Republican rebels. To buck up his courage Leslie sings of home, telling a surprisingly gentle story of a young man's life in London's West End. Suddenly his mood changes—his voice hardens and he turns to the audience with these final lines:

I love my dear old Notting Hill, wherever
I may roam;
But I wish the Irish and the Niggers and
the Wogs
Were kicked out and sent back home.

To a large extent Leslie's digression sums up Michael Banton's thesis in this sociological study of British race relations. The British feel ill at ease with strangers, he says,

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and colored people (to an Englishman this may include Cypriots, Maltese, and other Mediterraneans, as well as West Indians, Africans, Indians, and Pakistanis) are easily identified as the most un-British strangers in the English community. Thus the reluctance to mix with these immigrants is not motivated by prejudice, Banton argues, but is merely an awkward manifestation of standard Britishness. Far from feeling hostility, in fact, the Englishman still tends to think of the colonials as ignorant darkies who need British guidance. But at the same time, colonials are still assumed to be lower caste and the class-conscious Englishman fears he will lose status by associating with them. Since, in addition, Negroes no longer play the Uncle Tom role—particularly with women, with whom they often fail to observe the tacit understanding among the British that sexual competition must be played down—the Englishman simply does not know what to expect, and so, finally, prefers to avoid Negroes rather than risk embarrassment.

The immigrants, for their own part, live together in colored neighborhoods which are segregated more by indifference than prejudice; they rarely seek contact with whites outside of work hours. Negroes feel uncertain and prefer to patronize their own clubs and cafés, despite the fact that public places are not segregated. (Practically the only permanent link with white society is the maverick group of white women who, unable to come to terms with their own society, have gravitated to the only men who need them, the Negroes.) The lot of nonwhites in Britain, Banton concludes, is no worse than banishment to a very low rung in the class structure.

THIS seems to be an accurate picture of the coloreds as a class, yet it fails to satisfy one's basic curiosity about British race relations. Banton does not appreciate how Britain's riots of 1958 shook the humanitarian convictions of many liberals who would like to believe that there is no universal formula of spontaneous combustion in human relations which dictates that violence must occur whenever the colored-white ratio reaches a certain limit. Such people want to know whether the white English community will be able to absorb its growing colored group, or whether England will develop its own unpleasant "Negro problem."

Most experts agree that the key to British race relations is employment, for it is while working that the Negroes have the most contact and compete most with the whites. It is probably more than a coincidence that the 1958 riots happened when unemployment was at a four-year peak, and when colored unemployment—increasing at a much faster rate—had doubled in the previous six months. Since Britain has no tradition of employment segregation to protect whites from Negro competition, nor, on the other hand, any anti-discrimination laws to protect colored rights, it is becoming an accepted function of unions in multi-racial industries to obtain certain privileges for the white workers. One of two widespread union devices is periodic bargaining with management to determine the number of coloreds (if any) that are to be hired; the other is a tacitly understood arrangement that in a recession management will lay off colored workers first, rather than follow the traditional "first in last out" principle. In recent years there have been a series of ugly strikes in which unions have forced employers to fire colored workers hired in violation of these provisions.

The trade unions indulge in some classic doublethink to sugar-coat their behavior; they claim that because it is not motivated by racial prejudice, but by the traditional union desire to protect established standards from cheap immigrant labor, the result is not a "color bar." Sometimes, however, the motivation is frankly racial—a union official explaining a recent strike against colored bus workers said: "What is a husband to think if his wife keeps coming home late and he knows she is working with colored men?"

As long as the United Kingdom enjoys virtually full employment, the discriminatory sleepers in union contracts amount to little more than an occasional prick to the English conscience. Yet Banton himself feels that an anti-discrimination law should be enacted before this informal segregation system jells. Last year the Labor party leadership suggested civil rights legislation to prohibit discrimination in housing, dance halls, public houses, and hotels—but not trade unions. The proposal was put down as an

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insult to British tolerance, and as a concession of defeat. "It would hardly be an advertisement for Britain," said the Glasgow *Herald,* "that the rights of colored British subjects should have to be protected by law—if the law could be enforced!" Given England's present high employment, however, it is evident from Banton's analysis that the current colored population can live at peace.

MANY Englishmen question how long this happy situation will last if the tide of colored immigration continues to grow. Theoretically the 500 million citizens of the British Commonwealth are free to come into Britain at any time, and cannot be deported even if they become habitual criminals or live perpetually on National Assistance. On the other hand, all the Commonwealth countries impose restrictions on *English* immigrants, and a strong minority of members of Parliament in both parties have used this as an argument for English restrictions on colored immigration.

A poll taken by the London *Daily Express,* after the Nottingham-Notting Hill Gate riots, claimed that 79.1 per cent of the English community would favor restricted immigration. The Trades Union Congress (analogous to the AFL-CIO) has said the same. And even the idealistic Manchester *Guardian,* which applauded the government's refusal to consider restrictions after the Notting Hill Gate riots, reconsidered its own position after the Nottingham riots and conceded that restrictions might have to be imposed if unemployment or racial tensions increase.

With the hope of achieving such restrictions, extremist groups have been going all out to see that racial incidents continue; one of the unfortunate side effects of the boycott of South African goods has been an intensification of this agitation. Until the boycott the three fascist groups, the Union party, White Defense League, and the National Labor party, were composed primarily of an ignorant lunatic fringe with little money or genius for organization. By concentrating their efforts in Notting Hill Gate during the general election, they had been able to cause considerable agitation. The Union party and National Labor party sponsored candidates whose campaigns produced smashed windows, raids on rival rallies, and racial fights. The political results were not so impressive; both fascists ran last.

But after the election these organizations were unable to maintain their support. Then the boycott happened. In February the League and the National Labor party formed the British National party with a motto of "Nationalists of all Countries Unite," and the new party now seems to have ample funds and strong ties with white supremacy nationalists in other countries.

The recent outbreak of anti-Semitism illustrated the mischief that can result from having such groups working in the community. During the election, the agitation in Notting Hill Gate had taken a vicious anti-Jewish turn; the Liberal candidate was a Jew who opposed restrictions on colored immigration. Thus it happened that the first swastikas to appear in Britain after the Cologne incident were painted on a synagogue in Notting Hill Gate, and they seemed to trigger the wave of paintings that followed.

The total effect of the African racial troubles on British public opinion, however,

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Edited by NATHAN E. COHEN
Dean, School of Applied Social Sciences, Western Reserve University

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has been to increase sympathy for the coloreds. Coincidentally, there has been a rapid decline in immigration since the riots of 1958, so there is little doubt that the community can absorb the colored immigration at its current rate. For the present, then, as Banton points out, the worst the coloreds have to fear from the British is a civilized social snub.

Strangers and Brothers

THE AFFAIR. By C. P. SNOW. Scribner's. 374 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by MICHAEL MILLGATE

IT WILL no doubt be said of C. P. Snow's new novel, *The Affair,* that it attempts to repeat the formula of *The Masters* but does not succeed in doing so. Certainly *The Affair* does not have quite the claustrophobic intensity of the earlier book, its essential simplicity, its sheer narrative force, as of a superior detective story; but to look for these things in *The Affair* to the extent that they are present in *The Masters* is to misunderstand what Snow is about. *The Affair* can, of course, be read in isolation from the rest of Snow's work. The central theme, concerned with a case of scientific fraud and the redressing of an act of injustice, is pursued to its conclusion, and the action is sufficiently compelling, both in its psychological complexity and its narrative excitement, to enable the book to stand firmly alone in its own right. But to be fully understood and appreciated *The Affair* needs to be read in the context of the whole "Strangers and Brothers" sequence, of which it is the eighth volume to have appeared so far.

Most of the action of *The Affair* takes place in the Cambridge college of *The Masters* but seventeen years later, in 1953 and 1954, and one strand of the novel seems to be leading forward to another election for the Mastership to be covered, in greater or lesser detail, in a later volume. Crawford, the successful candidate in the election described in *The Masters,* is nearing retirement and the college will soon have to decide on his successor. Several of the Fellows who played a part in the earlier election are dead —Despard-Smith, Chrystal, Eustace Pilbrow, Roy Calvert—and many of the others, though still alive and even active, are sadly changed. Some of the book's most successful passages are those in which we encounter again, after the lapse of years, the characters already firmly established both in *The Masters* and in *The Light and the Dark,* Roy Calvert's book, which also has the college as its main setting. The scenes with Paul Jago —embittered, withdrawn, his fine qualities gone to waste, his emotions centered wholly now on the wife who has caused so many of his difficulties and defeats—are among the most moving in all of Snow's work; those with Gay, mischievous and infuriating as ever at the age of ninety-four, are among the most amusing.

The relationship of *The Affair* to *The Masters,* then, is obvious, and deliberate: indeed, the part which Jago eventually plays in the main action is directly motivated and conditioned by what had happened to him in *The Masters.* But there is no question of repeating a formula. *The Masters,* after all, is more self-contained than any other novel of the sequence, and although it was one of the earliest volumes to be written, Snow delayed its publication lest it should give a wrong impression of the thematic structure of the sequence as a whole. And it is true that a better starting point for a reader new to Snow's work would be a novel such as *Time of Hope,* which is principally concerned with a sensitive evocation of the early background of Lewis Eliot, Snow's narrator, and with the first stages of the career that is to take him through so many different layers of English society. For Lewis Eliot, who in *The Masters* may appear to be little more than a convenient eyewitness and reasonably neutral commentator upon the action, provides in fact the real center of the "Strangers and Brothers" sequence.

THE sequence as a whole has what might be called an exterior and an interior structure corresponding to the "outer" and "inner" levels of Lewis Eliot's experience. At the outer level the novels are a set of investigations of various aspects of English society from 1914 to the present. *Strangers and Brothers* (published in 1940), the novel from which the sequence takes its name, deals with the society of an English provincial town, somewhat similar to Snow's native Leicester, in the late 20's and early 30's;

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Time of Hope (1949) extends this study backward to 1914 and also gives a remarkable impression of the world of the law; *The Conscience of the Rich* (1958) examines, extremely sympathetically, the intense life of a wealthy Anglo-Jewish family and incidentally illuminates the political situation of the early and middle 30's; *The Light and the Dark* (1947), like *The Masters* (1951), deals with life in a Cambridge college but also touches upon such diverse material as the ways of living and thinking of the English aristocracy and the national and international developments of the late 30's and early 40's; *The New Men* (1954) is mainly concerned with the political and moral struggles involved in the wartime development of the atom bomb and with the immediate postwar situation; while *Homecomings* (1957) gives some revealing insights into the higher ranks of big business and the Civil Service and into the way in which play is conducted on "the chessboard of power."

And now we have *The Affair*. In the college much remains the same, especially the traditional ceremonial and routine, but many changes have also taken place, particularly in the men themselves and in their attitudes to the life of the college and to the world outside. It is through his examination of these changes and through the introduction of new characters who are also new social types—Tom Orbell, for example, the passionate High Tory, and Lester Ince, the self-declassed but apolitical young English don who tells his students that Beowulf is "a God-awful bore"—that Snow lightly but firmly defines the temper of English life in the first half of the 1950's. Snow, of course, is an extremely shrewd observer of men and society and *The Affair*, like his earlier novels, is full of comments and generalizations which appear casual but have in fact been long and deeply considered.

It is important to realize, however, that Snow himself regards the exterior aspect of his sequence as less important than the interior aspect. In the prefatory note to the 1958 edition of *The Search*, an early novel outside the sequence which Snow has reissued in a shortened version, he speaks of his desire "to say something about people first and foremost, and then people-in-society": the social aspect of his work, that is to say, takes second place, and it is in the development of character that his primary interest lies. In the "Author's Note" at the beginning of *The Conscience of the Rich* Snow explains that "the inner design" of the sequence "consists of a resonance between what Lewis Eliot sees and what he feels. Some of the more important emotional themes he observes through others' experience, and then finds them enter into his own." Sympathetic vibrations ("resonance") are constantly being set up between Lewis Eliot's outer or objective experience ("what [he] sees") and his inner or subjective experience ("what he feels"), and it is this mutual interaction of the two kinds of experience that provides the basic thematic structure of the sequence. Some of the major "emotional themes" which recur in this way are the theme of possessive love; the theme of the desire for power and, its corollary, the renunciation of power; the themes of success and failure, and of the persistent revival of hope when all else has gone.

In *The Affair* Lewis Eliot's brother Martin reappears as a Fellow of the college and we are reminded at one point in the novel of the struggle between the two brothers, largely caused by Lewis's possessive love for the younger Martin, which was finally resolved in *The New Men*. We also see how Martin, who in *The New Men* had renounced the opportunity of real power in the great world, is nevertheless impelled to seek such relatively petty power as the tiny world of the college can offer. When we find that even Arthur Brown, despite his love for the role of gray eminence, and Sir Francis Getliffe, despite his obvious success in the eyes of the world, are both moved by a desire for the Mastership, we are again reminded of a key passage in *The New Men:*

> These men were fairer, and most of them a great deal abler, than the average: but you heard the same ripples below the words, as when any group of men chose anyone for any job. Put your ear to those meetings and you heard the intricate labyrinthine and unassuageable rapacity, even in the best of men, of the love of power. If you have heard it once —say, in electing the chairman of a tiny dramatic society, it does not matter where— you have heard it in colleges, in bishoprics, in ministries, in cabinets: men do not alter because the issues they decide are bigger scale.

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Snow's sense of the essential similarity of all men in all ranks of society is one of the principal unifying factors in the sequence; another is his tolerance. There is nothing "angry" about Snow's attitude toward society and toward the men and women who comprise it. Men are like this, he seems to say, and must be accepted as they are. "I wasn't unused to living with situations which were morally ambiguous," says Lewis Eliot in *The Affair,* "or aspects of myself I didn't specially like." Our faith in the accuracy of Lewis Eliot's observation of other people is increased by the honesty of his self-analysis, and in *The Affair* this self-analysis is directly related to the most fundamental of all the emotional themes, the theme of "strangers" and "brothers" on which Snow insists in his title.

Snow sees his principal characters as divided into "strangers," those who are self-centered, separate, uninvolved in the lives of others, and "brothers," those who give themselves unreservedly in personal relationships. Some of his most successful pieces of characterization are of people in this second category: Paul Jago, for example, Mr. March, the central figure of *The Conscience of the Rich,* and George Passant, the character to whom the novel *Strangers and Brothers* is mainly devoted. Throughout the sequence Lewis Eliot is presented as struggling between two opposing tendencies in his own nature which roughly correspond to the two poles of stranger and brother: the importance of *The Affair* is that we see the second tendency emerging as the stronger. Lewis has to decide whether he will commit himself to the campaign to secure justice for Howard, the man dismissed from his Fellowship for scientific fraud. All the arguments of prudence and even of good sense seem to be against participation, but there is one consideration which is in the end decisive:

> I knew, and I knew it with the wreckage and guilt of part of my life behind me, that there were always good, sound, human, sensitive reasons for contracting out. There is great dignity in being a spectator: and if you do it for long enough, you are dead inside.

The strangers, those who remain spectators, who refuse to become involved, end by becoming "dead inside"; the brothers, whatever their faults, are on the side of life. This idea is central to Snow's conception of human nature and to the design of the whole "Strangers and Brothers" sequence.

It is, we have seen, a reasonably complex design dependent upon persistent references, explicit and implicit, to and fro between the different books and upon the constant "resonance" set up between Lewis Eliot's inner and outer experience. As the various themes appear in the individual novels, however, they are sufficiently worked out in the terms of that particular novel for no difficulties to arise. Any of the novels, in short, can be read in isolation from the rest; at the same time they do complement and illuminate each other and gain greatly from being read as a sequence.

What marks the individual Snow novel is the great simplicity and straightforwardness both of structure and of style. Snow's main concern as a writer is with "the story." If his writing lacks richness of texture, that is something he has sacrificed in the interests of maintaining the strength and clarity of the narrative line. The resultant plain style will not be to everyone's taste—it is at the opposite extreme from the work of Lawrence Durrell, for example—but it is important to realize that Snow has chosen it deliberately. It is his solution to the problem of form, not in any sense an avoidance of that problem. Snow is in determined reaction against the whole tradition of the 20th-century experimental novel as represented, at its best, by Joyce and Virginia Woolf. As Snow sees it, the experimental or aesthetic novel tends always to abstract man from his environment, from society, and hence to make it more difficult to say anything important about him. Snow has preferred to be more direct in his own presentation of "people-in-society," and in this attitude he is by no means alone among contemporary English novelists.

Such writers as Kingsley Amis, William Cooper, Doris Lessing, John Wain, John Braine, Anthony Powell, Angus Wilson, and Pamela Hansford Johnson (who in private life is Mrs. Snow), though different in so many ways, have at least this much in common: they have rejected what seems to them the rarefied and artificial techniques of the experimental novel in favor of much simpler and more direct forms. And it seems to

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be no accident that these forms often recall those of the 19th-century social novelists: Angus Wilson, for example, has clearly been influenced by Dickens, Snow himself by Trollope.

In some part, and especially among the younger writers, this seems to be a fairly natural and almost instinctive reaction against what had come to seem a kind of modern genteel tradition, vaguely associated with the name "Bloomsbury"—an attempt to get the novel back to what might crudely be called "real life." Such a reaction was perhaps bound to come. This particular reaction, however, takes special point from the provincial backgrounds of many of these writers (e.g., Snow, Cooper, Braine) and from their social origins, which are almost without exception lower middle class. It is thus something of an anti-mandarin, down-to-earth movement with political and social overtones. Some of the younger writers, it would seem, are beginning to speak with the voice of Snow's "new men," the new managerial class who are more and more taking over the running of Britain.

SNOW himself, of course, has been a distinguished member of this class—he has just retired from the Civil Service work for which he was knighted a few years ago—and he has put to good use in his novels his own extensive experience of English society, especially of those areas, referred to in *The Affair* as "the corridors of power," where the really important decisions are taken. We may perhaps look forward to a more intensive examination of these areas in the remaining volumes of the "Strangers and Brothers" sequence. There are to be three more volumes, it appears, which will between them range forward to about 1960 and backward to cover the brief time-gap between *Homecomings,* which ends in 1950, and *The Affair.*

When the sequence is rounded off it will unquestionably be the most comprehensive, the most informative and, all in all, the most impressive portrait of modern England that any novelist has yet given us. Lionel Trilling has spoken of the job the contemporary novelist does of "telling us the way things are": *The Affair* is only the latest evidence to confirm that this is a job at which C. P. Snow excels.

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The Reality of Class

CLASS IN AMERICAN SOCIETY. By LEONARD REISSMAN. The Free Press. 436 pp. $6.75.

Reviewed by R. A. NISBET

A SKEPTICAL historian once suggested that feudalism was introduced into England, not by William the Conqueror in the 11th century but by the antiquary, Sir Henry Spelman, in the 17th. There must be some today, including a few sociologists, who are inclined to say much the same thing about social class in America: that it was introduced, not by our ancestors, but by W. Lloyd Warner in 1941 in his *The Social Life of a Modern Community.* What Tocqueville, Bryce, and a host of other foreign observers had failed to find, what the Marxists had been unable to demonstrate in the 1920's and 30's, what, indeed, a vast majority of Americans themselves could not see, was finally uncovered by Professor Warner. Armed with such formidable weapons as his Inventory of Status Characteristics and Evaluated Participation, he turned up, not two or three, but six classes in supposedly democratic America. There was, and has continued to be, much criticism of these results. Whether Warner's studies of Yankee City and Jonesville will prove in the long run to have advanced or retarded the real study of stratification in America is still hard to know. But there can be no doubt that he is responsible for the great "stratification" debate now going on.

It would be false to say that the debate —at least among serious sociologists—is between those who affirm, and those who deny, stratification of power, prestige, and privilege. It would be more accurate to say that while all sociologists agree to the existence of stratification, some are more agreeable than others.

Leonard Reissman is certainly among the most agreeable. In his forthright, lucid, and scholarly book he has given us a picture of life in the United States that is hierarchical in the extreme. He presents four main arguments. Classes, he tells us, are substantive realities, not statistical constructs; they have a profound influence upon thought, behavior, and aspiration; they exist not merely in the small local community but at the levels of the metropolis and the nation; finally, it is probable that a new aristocracy is in the making, one that will be fully as potent for democratic-industrial America as was the landed aristocracy of earlier centuries.

Is this the case? Are there really social classes in America, classes that have, in the author's own words, value cohesiveness, a relatively high degree of consensus, self-consciousness, functional importance, and unambiguous criteria of recognition? I remain skeptical even after reading Mr. Reissman's book, but his argument is worth examining.

THIS argument rests to some extent upon the omnipresent concern of our age with status. For Mr. Reissman this concern means the intellectual breakthrough of class consciousness in America, after generations of an ideology, inherited with our mothers' milk, which postulates equality and classlessness. For, he insists, it is a semantic delusion to suppose that the words *status* and *class* mean other than the same thing. Both terms, he contends, convey essentially the same sense of social differences with the attached invidious comparisons.

There certainly can be no doubt of contemporary American preoccupation with status. But the question is, does this mass concern with status really support Mr. Reissman's view that social classes are hardening in America? I would like to suggest that the very opposite may be the case, that such concern reveals the attenuation, even atrophy, of social class. Admittedly, the factor of social status is involved in a class system, as are, equally, the factors of economic influence and political power. But each is distinguishable, as a factor, from the substantive reality of class.

In the same way that there has been a disengagement of economic and political power, during the past century, from any homogeneous scale of social stratification, leaving in its wake plurality, fragmentation, and dispersion, there has also been a general disengagement of social status itself from a hierarchy of social classes. As a consequence, social status has become more individual, more autonomous, and, on any realistic basis, almost as diversified as American culture itself. In short, it is not a "semantic delusion" to distinguish between

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status and *class*. That scales of status exist everywhere, that they can be of driving, even gnawing, importance to individuals—to the haves and the have-nots, but especially the have-not-enoughs—is unquestioned. I merely offer the view that it is more reasonable to suppose that such preoccupations glow in the twilight of class society than at its height.

Mr. Reissman makes a good deal of the kind of evidence for social class supplied by the many sociological studies of small communities. He summarizes all this in an excellent section on Hometown, the name he gives to a composite of small towns described by sociologists. But are these studies, and the small communities themselves, really relevant to trends and realities of mid-20th-century America, or are they, at bottom, snapshots for the national family album, useful for books like Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday?* I have lived in a number of Hometowns and have seen what has happened or is happening to them as a result of invasions of outside capital and industry, changes in the balance of political power—local, state, and federal—the accumulated effects of mass education, the relentless drive by modern merchandisers to carry "high culture" to every village and hamlet in the nation, the exodus of sons and daughters via college campuses, and so on. I do not doubt that in a community sufficiently isolated from the main currents of national life, sufficiently arrested in terms of historical change, and sufficiently homogeneous so far as its political and economic life is concerned, a clear and meaningful class system can be discovered. To discover such a community today, however, it is necessary to go either to the underdeveloped areas of the world, or, within American society, to the remaining, but fast disappearing, pockets of the old order. Such communities—where a man's professional, marital, and associative choices will be limited by his parents' position—are becoming fewer, not greater, especially when compared with the limitless pullulation of the new suburbs of America. I think we have learned more in this regard from David Riesman and from W. H. Whyte, and from such novelists as Marquand and John Braine, than from the sociologists of Hometown.

Mr. Reissman certainly would be among the first to concede that America is becoming steadily more national as a society. And, as I have suggested, his real argument has to do with the appearance of a national class system. But he nevertheless seems to feel that what has been learned about life styles in Hometown continues to be relevant and significant, and is, in fact, a kind of undergirding for the reality of Regional City and the national society at large.

For my part, I think Marx was much nearer the truth about the nature of class—where it can unexceptionably be said to exist—than are the sociologists of Hometown. Where genuine layers of social prestige and privilege in a community or in any other type of social system do exist, they reflect either economic and political power or functioning institutions. To be sure, social prestige will often remain for a while after an institution has disappeared (this is precisely the history of aristocracy in Europe and *mutatis mutandis* America), just as the bloom of a shrub will remain for days after its roots have been cut. But when one looks at social ascendancy historically, one discovers that it becomes a kind of museum piece unless its economic and political roots remain viable.

As I say, Mr. Reissman does not rest his case upon Hometown alone. He looks also to Metropolis and national society. Here, admittedly, he finds the going rougher, the guideposts fewer, and the winds of controversy gustier. Apart from the works of Floyd Hunter and C. Wright Mills there is little indeed to go on, and it is one of the deficiencies of Mr. Reissman's otherwise candid book that he subjects neither of these men to proper analysis. That the data for a national class system are obscure and evanescent is underscored by Mr. Reissman's admission that one's answer to the question will be largely determined by his "ideological stance." One can sympathize with his plight, yet ideological stance generally does not produce conclusions, but only further ideology, even dogma. This is one of the chronic difficulties in the study of stratification: too often class becomes a kind of conceptual substitute for the barricades of yesteryear. Given the proper ideological stance one could no doubt prove the significance in American society today of clan

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or kindred, entities which, like social class itself, are drawn from the nomenclature of the past but which, unlike class, have no continuing political overtones to give them excitement.

The author seems to think that the major objection to his view of a national hierarchy of classes comes only from the works of David Riesman and W. H. Whyte in the form of their common emphasis upon a spreading homogenization of life style, aspiration, and creed. In my view this is an important objection, much more important than Mr. Reissman allows, but it is not the only one.

The real ground for rejection of a national class system is the massive structural changes which both political and economic society have undergone during the past half century. Democracy, as Rousseau implied, is a kind of permanent revolution, and so is modern industrialism. For a long time the "pre-capitalist" strata, to use Schumpeter's excellent phrase, survived, but the fragmenting, pulverizing effects of the modern state would not be arrested, and what we have today in our complex and shifting patterns of national power and influence is something that the layer cake model of social classes simply will not cover.

These structural changes are many. There is the unstratified character of ultimate political power in the voters; the innumerable pressure groups, as well as the two great political parties; the almost incessant spawning of new elites; economic divisions of interest ("if only the bankers *would* conspire," Lord Keynes is said to have lamented); the rising influence of the tertiary sector of our economy; the vastly important change in the character of property in modern society; the large number of functional associations, no one of which governs more than a fragment of its members' lives; and the huge increase in the number of government functionaries who today wield so much of the political power that at one time was held by the members of one class at both the local and national levels.

Mr. Reissman admits that one phase of industrialism does involve this kind of class fragmentation but, he argues, a new phase has begun. The economic and political power dimensions become functionally interdependent and converge; elements of status and prestige tend to become concentrated in those who already hold economic and political power; irrational barriers are constructed to prevent others from making unrestricted entry into the elite; endogamy and even ancient biological arguments of class superiority are resurrected in the interests of protection of class:

"All of these trends in the political, economic, and status spheres converge on the same point: toward the creation of a small elite in whom the principal class powers are concentrated. And the development of the class system has come through full circle: from aristocracy to aristocracy, from elite to elite."

If one asks for the basis of these astonishing conclusions, Mr. Reissman will admit that they "are speculations about the way that the class system has seemed to develop as one tries to generalize from a segment of the most recent history." It is a little hard to know what is meant here by a "segment of the most recent human history." One would suppose that the United States, the leading industrial power in the world, might embody this development, but Mr. Reissman confesses that "whether or not this last stage is an inevitable one for the United States, for example, is still an open question."

In sum, I do not think Mr. Reissman has proved his case. Alongside of occupation, school, family, association, and nation, the claims of social class as a determinant of behavior seem very pale indeed. It may well be that there are national *levels* of life style and aspiration, but the difference between levels and classes is vast. As Mozell Hill has written, level consciousness makes for a high degree of individualism with respect to life chances; it does not promote feelings of identification or collective involvement. The principal motive of the level-conscious individual is to pass up and out of the level on which he finds himself.

Certainly there are many differentials in power, influence, and prestige, as there are of wealth, in the United States. But the moments at which these differentials can be crucial, both to individuals and to the nation as a whole, had better be studied for what they are in mass society, and not in terms of a concept which more and more seems to me Ptolemaic in its relation to the contemporary social universe.

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Anonymity, "Time," and Success

NAME AND ADDRESS. By T. S. MATTHEWS. Simon and Schuster. 309 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB

SOME time ago there was an exchange program for English and American journalists, in the course of which a member of the staff of the *Economist* was briefly attached to *Time*. Apart from the obvious differences of tone and style between the two magazines, what impressed the English visitor was the different functions served by the same device of anonymity. The anonymity of the *Economist* is intended to protect the independence and individuality of the writer, the anonymity of *Time* to subvert independence and obscure individuality. An editor of the *Economist* is, behind his anonymity, a personality and a power; he has the ear of ministers, the respect of professors, the entrée to other organs of opinion and authority. An editor of *Time* is more likely to be unknown to everyone except his immediate colleagues; his only public existence, his only identity, is on the masthead. (English magazines do not bother to have mastheads.) Anonymity, which in England is a convention, in America has become a reality.

The autobiography of T. S. Matthews, former editor of *Time*, is a commentary on the achievement of success and the simultaneous loss of identity. It recalls the story—not apocryphal—of two old friends meeting in the offices of *Time*. "What are you doing here?" asked the first in astonishment. "I work here," answered the second. "And you?" "I," retorted the first condescendingly, "am only part-time." For many years Mr. Matthews was only "part-time" with *Time*, in spirit although not in fact. His autobiography is the record of his transition from part-time to full-time, from book reviewer and "late-man" (responsible for putting the final pages to press each week), to editor in charge of the back-of-the-book, editor of National Affairs, managing editor, and finally editor. It is also the record of the rise and fall—professional, that is—of a man of intelligence, sensibility, and good will, who found himself climbing to the top of an enterprise that he never respected and often actively disliked, and to the top of a profession that never, apparently, really engaged his interest, except perhaps as craftsman or technician.

A graduate of Princeton and Oxford who thought of himself vaguely as a writer but never as a journalist, he had first gravitated to the *New Republic* (what, one wonders, were the three other periodicals to which he had unsuccessfully applied?), where he read proof and was eventually privileged to do book reviews. A very junior member of the staff, he had glimpses of the great: Edmund Wilson, Scott Fitzgerald, John Dos Passos, Mike Gold; but being a "political innocent," as he says, he did not seem to know what to make of most of these. Nor in retrospect does he make much more of them. One would never suspect, from this account, that Herbert Croly, then editor of the *New Republic*, with whom he worked intimately and whose heir he felt himself to be, was the author of some of the most astute political studies of his time. Of the *New Republic* in its heyday we are left with memories of dull dinners and insipid practical jokes, but with no more acute notion of its politics than that it represented a "unique and positive" mode of liberalism compared with the negative, muckraking ways of the *Nation*. And the relationship of the young Mr. Matthews to all of this emerges no more clearly, except that he "wholeheartedly subscribed" to this positive liberalism.

It is not even clear whether the distress he felt when he left the *New Republic* for *Time*, in 1929, involved any sense of political decline, as it certainly involved a sense of professional comedown. Comedown, that is, of standards, not of prospects, for even then *Time* had about it the unmistakable smell of success. Nevertheless, it was for no more than his *New Republic* salary of fifty dollars a week that he put in incredibly long hours turning out copy in a style he deliberately parodied, seeing it hacked about by colleagues he thought ill-educated, ill-informed, unconcerned about everything except interoffice rivalries. It is not clear why he took the job in the first place, or why he kept it for so long. Had there been considerably more money attached to it, it would still not have made sense. His mother was a Procter of Procter and Gamble, his father rich in his own right. However puritanical his atti-

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tude to money, however much he may have unconsciously shared his family's feeling that capital was a trust to be saved rather than spent, his *Time* salary, even at its height, could never have been the powerful incentive it was for so many others. With the same vague sense of inevitability that he first accepted the job, he continued to remain in the organization—for almost twenty-five years.

ONLY once did he take effective, deliberate action. This was when he rejected the offer of an editorial post and retired to the Books section, cherishing his part-time commitment even while working full-time. One does not know whether to admire or pity his persistence—or was it the way of least resistance? For seven years he read eight books a week, reviewing the five that interested him most (or bored him least), reading them conscientiously not because he enjoyed doing so but only because it postponed the dreaded moment when he would have to sit down at the typewriter to turn out his 1,500 to 2,500 words, knowing that the lead paragraph he sweated over most would be mangled most in the editing. When he did finally decide to become full-time, it was not only because he was bored and disgusted with book-reviewing, but also because he felt he ought to start taking both *Time* and himself seriously, to start sharing in its success.

The success he saw in *Time* was that reflected in the internal organization: more money, larger staff, grander quarters, more elaborate routines. He does not allude to its real success, its establishment as a cultural force and a political influence. Perhaps this is because he never comprehended it as a reality larger than and outside of the organization proper. Nor does it seem to have occurred to him, either then or later, that an editor too might have such a larger reality, might play a part in the outside world.

At any rate, again with much suspicion and no great enthusiasm (except for a substantial salary raise), he entered the hierarchy and made his way to the top. The ascent was both arduous and dangerous: arduous, for he once estimated that he crammed seventy hours' work into a five-day week; and dangerous, because the higher he went, the more perilous became his position. National Affairs was notorious as the "Bloody Angle" at which a misstep might be fatal; and for Mr. Matthews it had the further drawback of involving him in politics—real politics, not the office variety he was familiar with. In the most revealing paragraph of the book, he comments on his relations with Mr. Luce at this time:

> Luce always regarded me as a political innocent, or at least an indifferent. To this half-spoken indictment I could return the silent answer: in that case, how did I not only survive but manage to get ahead? He, of course, meant national politics, politics as news; my kind of politics was closer to home: street-fighting, not misty problems of high strategy.

National politics—"misty problems of high strategy." So they may be, from the superior perspective of the historian or philosopher. But for a journalist reporting on them? It is a curious attitude. But no more curious than the fact that in spite of it he should have risen so high.

And it makes for a curious autobiography. The former devoted employee of the *New Republic* and the former disaffected editor of *Time* has managed to write a Life that has almost nothing of his Times in it. 1929 is mentioned as the date of his departure from the *New Republic*; 1939 as the year of the war. The entire period between, the famous 30's, is disposed of in two paragraphs of clichés, including the customary obsequies for the Spanish Civil War as "the dress rehearsal for a Fascist triumph," the New York cocktail parties organized by Loyalist sympathizers, and the "Nazi bully-boys." These remarks are prefaced by the bland confession: "I have lived among historical events without noticing them, as I think is commonly the case with people who are lucky enough not to be caught in them. The first Great War, the depression that ended the boom of the twenties, were hardly more to me than newspaper headlines." When Ralph Ingersoll, then publisher of *Time,* suddenly defected to found *PM,* Mr. Matthews felt vindicated in his suspicion that he was not a "straightforward character." Why had he been so secretive? Why had he not given notice and resigned in the normal way? Was he afraid of Luce or did he want to repay a grudge? What is not noted is the oddity of the publisher of *Time* having the kind of ideas that were to dominate *PM.*

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Yet Mr. Matthews apparently had political beliefs—or rather attitudes—of sorts. We are told that in his *New Republic* days he was a "liberal," in 1940 a Willkie Republican, in 1952, apparently (this can only be inferred), a Stevenson Democrat. This is hardly a satisfactory political chronology, but it does suggest his divergence from *Time*. By 1952 the divergence was too great to be borne, and a cover story on Stevenson precipitated the break: "The distortions, suppressions and slanting of its political 'news' seemed to me to pass the bounds of politics and to commit an offense against the ethics of journalism." His professional conscience had been outraged, and he resigned as editor. Even then, however, he did not quite cut loose. Instead he allowed himself to be sent abroad by Mr. Luce on one of those missions that he had always recognized, and that all of his associates now recognized, to be the standard technique of shelving an obsolescent editor. He was sent to England to explore the possibility of establishing an English edition of *Time*. After lengthy investigation and having worked up great enthusiasm for the new project, which he took at face value, he received word that it was to be abandoned. It was then that he sent to Luce the telegram that is famous in *Time* circles: "Why did you keep me standing on tiptoe so long if you weren't going to kiss me?"

For all Mr. Matthews' candor, about himself as well as about others, there is something wanting in this autobiography, some principle or stance that would identify the Mr. Matthews of *Time* as an independent moral agent and make his career something more than a "career line." Only after he gave up both *Time* and his career, did he begin, at least publicly, to develop ideas that had vigor and personality, to reflect on his craft not only as a craftsman but as a responsible and responsive person. It had earlier been suggested to him that perhaps journalism did more harm than good. At that time he had responded, in conventional liberal fashion, that journalism was a "blunt instrument, often ineptly handled or mishandled, but a necessary tool of democracy"; he even cited the adage about not making an omelet without breaking eggs. But later he came to believe that perhaps journalism was inherently corrupting, that even while it was pretending to inform the public about the news, it was really selling them a bill of goods; it was selling itself, much as a soft drink sold itself. He might have added that what is true of journalism in general is especially true of *Time*. Conceiving of itself as a self-sufficient entity, ingrown, insular, highly organized, it sells itself even more than most newspapers and journals. It fosters the illusion that nothing is true until a *Time* checker puts her little mark on it; and that everything which bears her mark is certainly true. The organization is all: it is the brain, the pen, the conscience of every employee; everyone is a tool, dispensable and interchangeable, a pawn to be shuffled about at will. Unfortunately, in the shuffle identities tend to get lost, to each other, to the outside world, and most of all, to themselves.

Mr. Matthews' own sense of identity emerges most clearly in this book not in the section of greatest interest to the reader, that on his public life, but rather in the section on his childhood. Here are to be found the classically Victorian portraits of

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a disagreeable and tyrannical father who was a dean and then a bishop in the Episcopal Church (a convert from Presbyterianism); a submissive, self-effacing mother who died of cancer (as his first wife was to do); ignorant, despotic nannies; and nightmares inspired by a dark, rambling house and a dark, hell-oriented religion. There are also reflections, in the nature of personal confessions, on the addiction to liquor that was both a relic of prohibition and a defense against a grinding, disagreeable job; on the sexual guilt and ignorance suffered in his youth; and finally an apologia for becoming an expatriate.

Of these personal testaments, that on America is the most interesting, perhaps because here, finally, the personal impinges upon the public and we get a glimpse of the whole man. Feeling deeply as he does about America, Mr. Matthews has nevertheless taken up residence in London because he believes that this is not his day in America: "This day belongs to the '100 percenters,' the new-rich Texans, the Madison Avenue boys, the professional patriots, the organization men, the hardeyed herdsmen of political Yahoos, the dogs that eat dogs." In tones reminiscent at the same time of Henry Adams and of *Time*-ese, he reflects: "The dinosaur, its tiny brain still dreaming of paradisal forests, is plodding witlessly towards the asphalt lake."

Organization Men in Profile

MEN AT THE TOP. By OSBORN ELLIOT. Harper. 246 pp. $3.95.

TOP LEADERSHIP U.S.A. By FLOYD HUNTER. University of North Carolina Press. 268 pp. $6.00.

Reviewed by ANDREW HACKER

A GOOD part of the corporation executive's time, it now appears, is spent in talking with people who want to know what he does with his time. In our age of public relations and corporate statesmanship the executives have been persuaded that they are public figures and that their personalities are public property. To turn away seekers after information is to suggest that there are secrets which cannot be told. But there are no secrets. After reading these books, at any rate, it is very difficult to know what else might be asked.

Men at the Top seeks to demonstrate a straightforward proposition: that executives are people. They work very hard and the responsibilities they shoulder are exceedingly heavy. Their home lives are irregular, but their wives are understanding. They combine business and relaxation at such places as Pittsburgh's Duquesne Club where the No-Jews-Allowed policy does not matter because no Jews are top executives. They have not made a distinguished mark for themselves in the Truman or Eisenhower bureaucracies, but this is because Congress does not appreciate business methods. However, closer to home they wrap themselves in civic virtue: one Detroit man boasts of being a trustee or a committee member of twenty-three community endeavors. Crawford Greenewalt of du Pont is a bird watcher (his specialty is hummingbirds). Dwight Joyce of the Glidden Company gets his own breakfast (he requires only six hours of sleep whereas his wife needs nine). Edward Cole of General Motors' Chevrolet Division "has arranged the drawers of his bureau so that he hits his underwear first, his socks next, and then his shirts." Some of these men have ascended to the top from the bottom of the ladder—although the examples given show that the minimum requirement for getting onto the first rung is a college degree; others have inherited the top slot from their fathers, but to be a Ford in Ford or a Douglas in Douglas has its problems too. "I never will really know where I could have gotten on my own," muses Grace of Grace. It takes strength of character to live with such doubts. At the end of the book a group of the top men are seen filing away from a luncheon where they have met another top man: Anastas Mikoyan. He has impressed them and they are prepared to take him on as a worthy antagonist. If they have learned to live with MacDonald of the Steel Union, they will learn to get on with Mikoyan of the Soviet Union.

Top Leadership U.S.A. is not going to adorn many executive bookshelves, and it is not the price which will keep it off. Hunter's volume is a strong mixture of sociological method and populist politics, and neither of the two ingredients is entirely satisfactory.

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His intention is simple enough: it is to demonstrate that all the top executives know and have met one another. This is shown with lists and diagrams. Several lists containing the names of top men were drawn up and then each one was visited. During the interview he was given the list and asked how many people on it he knew. What finally emerges is that the leading executives travel in much the same circles and have often participated in joint endeavors. Not that a conspiracy is being suggested. "I do not believe that the men listed in this book represent a circle who can tell everyone what to do. . . ." he says. "No great number of them ever met, to my knowledge, as an executive committee in charge of national affairs." But if not this, then what is being said?

> The men named do serve as a leading circuit in American life. . . . They are picked up on this or that level of policy development. They join forces with others on specific issues—not always others entirely of their own ranks and status, but in structured relationship. They move in and out of government both as citizens and as officials, as the case may be, and they have a better-than-average speaking acquaintance with those who are at the helm of governing.

Hunter is not impressed with the fact that top American executives watch hummingbirds or fix their own breakfasts. He sees them as men of substantial power and what worries him is that no real check exists on this power.

DESPITE Elliott's attempt to humanize the men at the top and Hunter's protestations about their inordinate power, the picture which emerges from both these books is of a group of anonymous and not really very interesting individuals. Indeed it is significant that most of the names listed by Hunter are no longer on the scene a year or so later, and one expects that Elliott's men will be forgotten in a similarly short time. For today's corporation leader commands attention only by virtue of his holding a particular position. He stands not at all on his own two feet but on an industrial pedestal which others made for him. His tenure as a president or a board chairman is remarkably brief (about seven years seems to be average) and he is in no real position to impress his personality on the organization he heads. A President of the United States can do more to shape the character of his office than can the president of General Electric. It is not easy to arouse either enthusiasm or criticism over men who are role-players rather than people. We prefer to consider personalities not positions, charisma not chairs. Yet an understanding of the modern corporate world will only be achieved if we stop trying to paint in the faces. The top men are produced by the institutions they temporarily command and their behavior is to be explained only in terms of the organizations which hired and sired them.

What also catches the eye is the meaninglessness of ideology for top executives. For them the benchmarks of "Left" and "Right" are virtually irrelevant. One of the most rewarding parts of Elliott's book is the section in which he sets down the almost unanimous view these men hold of the National Association of Manufacturers. "They're just a bunch of top-drawer guys in their ivory tower, stewing in their own juice and issuing feudal and futile pronouncements," he was told. The trouble with the NAM is that it is ideology-bound: it embodies the small business conservatism of limited government and the archaic individualism of a past generation. The big business executive understands that his corporation can do business with big government. IBM, for example, supports a large defense budget and this may be because it receives a bigger share than it pays back in taxes. Henry Ford II is not dogmatic about trading with Red China and he may feel that the Communist East will soon be as ready to buy cars as the traffic-clogged West. And many corporations are unsympathetic to "right-to-work" laws because they know that a good deal with a strong union will profit both parties.

Expressions of this sort bring dismay to smaller businessmen who are in the unfortunate position of not being able to criticize their big brothers. The top men in the top companies seem content without an ideology, and while they will not openly reject the creed of free enterprise, their conduct is clearly not governed by it. One reason is that they have climbed to the top as organizational civil servants rather than

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as bootstrap entrepreneurs. Another is that the large corporations have distinct interests of their own and the men who run them serve these rather than an abstract set of principles.

It follows that the top executives do not think of themselves as men of power. "We chief executives are just employees like the others these days," one of them says. Their concerns are production, profits, and public relations. They cannot understand why anyone would want to criticize them, or on what grounds. They define their actions in terms of "doing a job" and the charge of irresponsibility simply bewilders them. If it is suggested that corporations have great influence in legislative policy-making and that the consequence is public policy which benefits not the public but the corporations, the executive will indicate that they regard politically gained advantages as simply another aspect of making a sale or protecting a market. That corporate intrusions into the political arena might legitimately be interpreted as an undemocratic intervention occurs to them not at all. Moreover, that corporate policies may have more than economic ramifications is something they try hard not to notice.

Two illustrations will have to suffice here. There is much concern over the low rate of industrial growth in this country. Yet this rate, in the final analysis, is decided by a series of investment plans made by our dominant corporations. The solution to the problem lies in a few dozen board rooms. However, the top men disclaim any such responsibility. If they are moved to speak on the subject they will probably say that the Sherman Act prevents them from taking any broader view than they now do. Another example involves Negroes. For almost twenty million Negro Americans our corporations represent an opportunity for decent jobs and the means of fulfilling whatever potentialities they might have as individuals. Yet the opportunities are closed and the potentialities untested because corporations in both the North and South simply do not promote Negroes beyond the lowest supervisory ranks. Corporation executives will point out that they are obliged to produce goods and make profits, not to get into the controversial business of civil rights. The point, of course, is that they want to have it both ways. The organizations over which they preside do have real power and they do not want to see it checked or diminished in any way. At the same time they seek to use this power only in a manner which suits their convenience and they deny responsibility for matters they define as being outside their province. Whether corporation power is a "problem" at all depends on the frame of mind of the American people. In a period of prosperity most people are thinking about other things. But if our top men cannot make this era of affluence a permanent one, the populist antagonisms to big business which are now quiescent are certain to cause stirrings that no public relations effort will obviate.

A Jewish and Unique Art

WOODEN SYNAGOGUES. By MARIA and KAZIMIERZ PIECHOTKA. Translated by Rulka Langer. With introductions by Stephen S. Kayser and Jan Zachwatowicz. Arkady (Warsaw). 219 pp. $6.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED WERNER

"WEATHERBEATEN and very old, of a deep metallic dull-green hue, it towered impressively above the market square, topped with its pagoda pinnacles and sloping shingle roof that revealed so clearly the interrelation of the rooms within: the two aisles to right and left, the inner court, and the holy place itself. The roof above the latter, which lay furthest back and was loftier than the rest, gave unity to the fine old rambling building, while the three-story façade, crowned with a small turret, and resting upon the wooden pillars, dominated the street. Small windows, with crooked frames, and awkward low-roofed entrances; but the whole edifice had an insolent Oriental air, as of a foreign citadel of prayer looming above the busy little habitations at its feet."

This is the picture Arnold Zweig gives, in *The Case of Sergeant Grischa,* of an old wooden synagogue in Poland, one of many he must have seen when he served on the Eastern Front during the First World War. More or less, the description fits quite a few of the sixty-nine synagogues discussed in the volume under review, by Maria and Kazimierz Piechotka. The wooden synagogues

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are all gone now, for if as Zweig said, they "enjoyed a certain reputation among those of the garrison who were artistically inclined," the German soldiers of a later war, bothered neither by aesthetic nor ethical sentiments, wantonly destroyed every Jewish public building in Eastern Europe within reach. While some of the old stone synagogues (the so-called "fortress synagogues") resisted destruction to the extent that they could be repaired after the war, the less sturdy, highly inflammable wooden ones seem to have perished without a single exception. This is, at least, the conclusion of the Piechotkas, the two Polish architects to whom we are indebted in this volume for the first truly comprehensive survey of Jewish folk architecture and folk art.

The Piechotkas were greatly hampered in their research not only through the destruction of the buildings but by the loss of innumerable drawings and photographs and, of course, the deaths of several Jewish and non-Jewish experts during the Nazi occupation. Their achievement, in reconstructing one of the glories of Polish Jewry, is all the more remarkable—notwithstanding the several lapses that somewhat mar the volume (the architectural material is at no point related to art history in general, nor are any evaluations in aesthetic terms attempted; and a bibliography, though substantial, nevertheless omits the names of some important people who have written on the subject).

THE wooden synagogues still standing before the mass destruction that started in September 1939 were only a fraction of all that had been built, at one time or another, in Eastern Europe (the Piechotkas note on a map the locations at which wooden *shuls* had stood, according to written sources, in earlier times; unfortunately neither the map nor the text mentions any edifices outside Greater Poland—in the Ukraine, for instance). In the more distant past, economic change (more often than warfare or conflagration) had caused the disappearance of many of these buildings. They were the meeting places of simple, poor, semi-rural Jews in smaller towns; then, as the *kehillah* began to prosper, these wooden synagogues were replaced by more ambitious—though not necessarily handsomer or even more original—brick or stone edifices.

These earlier wooden temples did not stand out nearly so conspicuously as Zweig's description might suggest from the surrounding wooden structures, religious and secular, of 17th- and 18th-century Poland. Some of the smallest and least ambitious buildings illustrated in *Wooden Synagogues* probably did not differ much in exterior appearance from the corn or hay sheds visible everywhere on the landscape.

The larger buildings, on the other hand, had distinctive features that shaped their silhouettes quite differently from those of the local churches; and the Piechotkas insist that, unlike elsewhere in Europe, Poland —which hardly knew any walled-in ghettos before the Nazi conquest—did not restrict the synagogue builder in any way beyond demanding that the *shul* be placed at some distance from the church lest the "infidels . . . disturb the service with the rustle of their prayers." (The authors quote this ruling from an old church document.) The interiors generally consisted of a large meeting hall (with a *bimah* or reading desk in the center), around which other, smaller rooms (including those for the instruction of the children), were grouped. Upstairs galleries for the women were often provided.

The most striking feature of the old wooden synagogues was the steep roof, or rather combination of roofs, in a steplike arrangement of three, four, or even five tiers —faintly resembling a pagoda. Cornices, often highly decorated, divided the tiers, and the "Chinese" look was further heightened when curved roofs and gutters appeared (the latter sometimes mounted high up as in Far Eastern temples).

Earlier writers had hinted at a direct Asiatic influence, alluding to the invasions of Eastern Europe by Mongolian tribes. This particular hypothesis has long since been discarded, though the Piechotkas fail even to raise the question of the origin of these charming triple, quadruple, or quintuple roofs. It seems clear that they may be traced to a combination of factors. The "architects" of these wooden synagogues—for the most part untutored Jewish carpenters and cabinet makers—apparently wanted to build the local *shul* with as high and impressive a roofing as possible, not only to make the inner hall airy and spacious, but mindful of the Talmudic admonition that the house of

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worship should top every other building in the *kehillah*. Climatic conditions may have been considered—the multiple roof seemed best for preventing the shingles from being blown off by high winds; but mostly the builders were forced by professional limitations to resort to the "step" arrangement. The "curving" may also have been due to the natural sagging of the underlying rafters; to the baroque spirit that somehow found its way even into forlorn Polish villages; and to the desire, whether conscious or unconscious, of the builders to break the monotony of strictly horizontal and vertical lines. Even these relatively unschooled men from whose vocabulary "art" and "aesthetics" were absent seemed intuitively to yearn for the loveliest forms possible within the essentially utilitarian limits that had been set them. This beauty they achieved by simple means, especially through a perfect balancing of the proportions of the structure's various parts, and by a clear expression of rational necessity.

But the interiors of the buildings seem to have been delightfully "irrational"—as one may gather from several photographs—in their furnishings and wall decorations. Ark and *bimah* were decorated in a baroque richness, by means of delicately shaped and minutely pierced woodwork and the addition of rampant lions and eagles with widespread wings. Much of this folk sculpture is known to have been gaily painted—unfortunately, the present volume does not contain a single color photograph. This is particularly regrettable as far as examples of wall paintings are concerned, which often completely covered the interiors of the wooden synagogues (few stone synagogues had such wall decorations). The complex patterns of paintings, their rich pigments and unrestrained fantasy, are reminiscent of the early work of Chagall. (In his autobiography, Chagall claims blood kinship to the 18th-century Chaim ben Isaac Segal who decorated the interior walls of the synagogue at Mohylew with polychromatic paintings.) The folk artists seem to have been especially intrigued by all kinds of fauna, and the painter Zygmunt Menkes has told this reviewer that walking into such a synagogue was like walking into a "zoological garden." Another artist, the silversmith Ilya Schor, recalled marveling at the ingenious use the generally anonymous interior decorators made of the Hebrew script.

All in all, the Piechotkas have produced a book that combines great love for its subject with painstaking research. The accumulated pictorial material, the book's unique contribution, is preceded by a valuable historical monograph, and followed by ample, if sometimes highly technical, notes on each of the synagogues illustrated.

Under the unique conditions of that ancient Polish Jewish life, "a perfect union," Stephen S. Kayser has written, "had been achieved between the native style of architecture and the special needs of a Jewish place of worship," so that there emerged "a truly original and organic manifestation of artistic expression—the only real Jewish folk art in history." *Wooden Synagogues* offers a nostalgic glimpse into a world irrevocably lost to us.

Myth, Oral and Written

AMERICAN FOLKLORE. By RICHARD M. DORSON. University of Chicago Press. 328 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by MARSHALL MCLUHAN

"SINCE the arc of tradition in a given culture may vary considerably from country to country, it is only right that the study of folklore should follow the contours of a particular civilization. The scientific folklorist seeks out, observes, collects, and describes the inherited traditions of the community, whatsoever forms they take."

Such is Professor Dorson's undertaking, and it is a broad program which has my own sympathies and interests deeply involved. Yet such a program might easily parallel Lewis Carroll's idea of a map of the scale of one mile to the mile. Carroll pointed out that since such a map would inevitably rouse the hostility of farmers, we might alternatively use the earth itself as a map of itself. And is not this what folklorists have hit upon as a strategy of culture—with the ordinary citizen in the role of the farmer about to be blanketed by an earth map? If so, can we find some means of awareness that will not obliterate the cultural scene, some way to get enough light *through* and still prevent a general brainwashing by putting too much light *on?*

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One of the many things in this book for which I am grateful is the clarity with which Professor Dorson reveals the oral bias of the folklorist. "American field collectors have found surprisingly little trace of heroes in oral tradition. Vaunted pioneers like Daniel Boone and Kit Carson live in books, not in tales. . . ." Yet it is a pity that by using a rigid oral criterion, the folklorist should neglect the riches of other media. The dynamic patterns of oral culture, which had been suppressed by centuries of print culture, revived swiftly in the later 19th century, in poetry as much as in anthropology. But this new stress on the spoken word should not conceal the peculiar dynamics of the printed word in fostering a folklore of its own, and one which still seems to be hidden from the literary man.

As students of ancient myth have sometimes pointed out, the peculiarity of myth lies not in its content but its mode: a myth tells us in a few phrases how some new situation worked out its consequences in a culture over a long period. Because the written form, while capable of hyperbole, tends strongly to exclusive, single-level statement and awareness, it seems natural to think of such forms as less likely to embody myth or folklore. But the all-at-onceness of a complex action—whether private or collective, whether in the tale of Sisyphus or of Cadmus and the dragon's teeth—is perhaps the basic *form* of myth, and it appears equally in the Lincoln yarn or the Madison Avenue ad.

Another fascinating feature of *American Folklore* is its rich illustration of how creativity is nourished by the interplay of cultures. The book of *Slave Songs* of 1867, for example, "came about as a joint enterprise of Union agents stationed on the Carolina coast during the war." Yet, Professor Dorson writes, it is not so easy to see why "the yeasty oral traditions of the American Negro took form in the plantation culture of the Old South." He suggests that the cotton plantation economy, based on a staple that molded life from Georgia to Texas, also "molded the Southern slaves into homogeneity." But might there not have been in fact an oral homogeneity among the white planters themselves which made such an interplay possible with pre-literate Negroes? An oral tradition was much less characteristic of the highly literate and individualist North, and the "Northern freedmen who settled in free States before emancipation possess none of this folklore." In fact, the Southern white code of the cowboy who has "gotta do what I gotta do," may be an echo of an older (feudal) oral code.

The principle of creative enrichment through the interplay of worlds on some inner or outer frontier appears throughout *American Folklore*—in Professor Dorson's analysis both of the businessman's joke and of the immigrant's relation to nationalism. Is it not the same principle that is wryly encoded in the remark, "The first ingredient of genius is an unhappy childhood"? Perhaps the same creative goals can be achieved both individually and collectively by less wasteful means as we come to understand more. Professor Dorson has done much to advance such understanding.

Book Reviewers in This Issue

Marshall Sklare is the author of *Conservative Judaism.*

Fred Graham, a new contributor, is a former American newspaperman now studying at Oxford.

Michael Millgate, another new contributor, is a young writer who teaches English at the University of Leeds.

R. A. Nisbet, also making his first appearance in Commentary, is Dean of the College of Letters and Science of the University of California in Riverside.

Gertrude Himmelfarb is the author of *Lord Acton* and *Darwin and the Darwinian Revolution.*

Andrew Hacker, the fourth of the new contributors in this month's review section, teaches in the Department of Government at Cornell.

Alfred Werner is a contributing editor of *Arts* and a lecturer in Adult Education at CCNY.

Marshall McLuhan is the author of *The Mechanical Bride.*

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THE ISSUE [*continued from page (a)*]

wrote: "If Eichmann should be convicted and put to death, we could only say that the Israelis had conducted themselves 'like the nations.' On the other hand, if the prosecutor should recommend or the court impose a sentence of life imprisonment, the whole world would respond with gratitude, renewed faith and admiration." This is probably true, but I wonder why it is that Israel must always be asked to act more nobly than other nations. Isn't this demand a way of telling Jews that they must *justify* their existence instead of taking it for granted that they have a simple right to exist and therefore to be "merely" human, and "like the nations"?—N.P.

IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES

Slums, Old and New	MICHAEL HARRINGTON
Who Were the Marranos?	I. REVAH
Pragmatism and the Tragic Sense of Life	SIDNEY HOOK
The Fiasco in American Agriculture	ASHER BRYNES
The "New Wave," the New Novel, French Culture	J. G. WEIGHTMAN
Boris and the Second Avenue Muse	ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Community, Values, Comedy	HAROLD ROSENBERG

[Beginning with this issue, we are following a new publication schedule which should make it possible for COMMENTARY *to be in the hands of readers about the 1st of the month.]*

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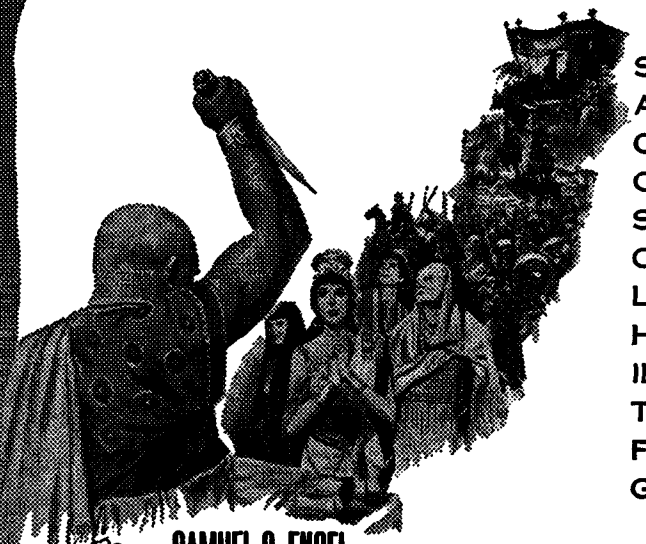

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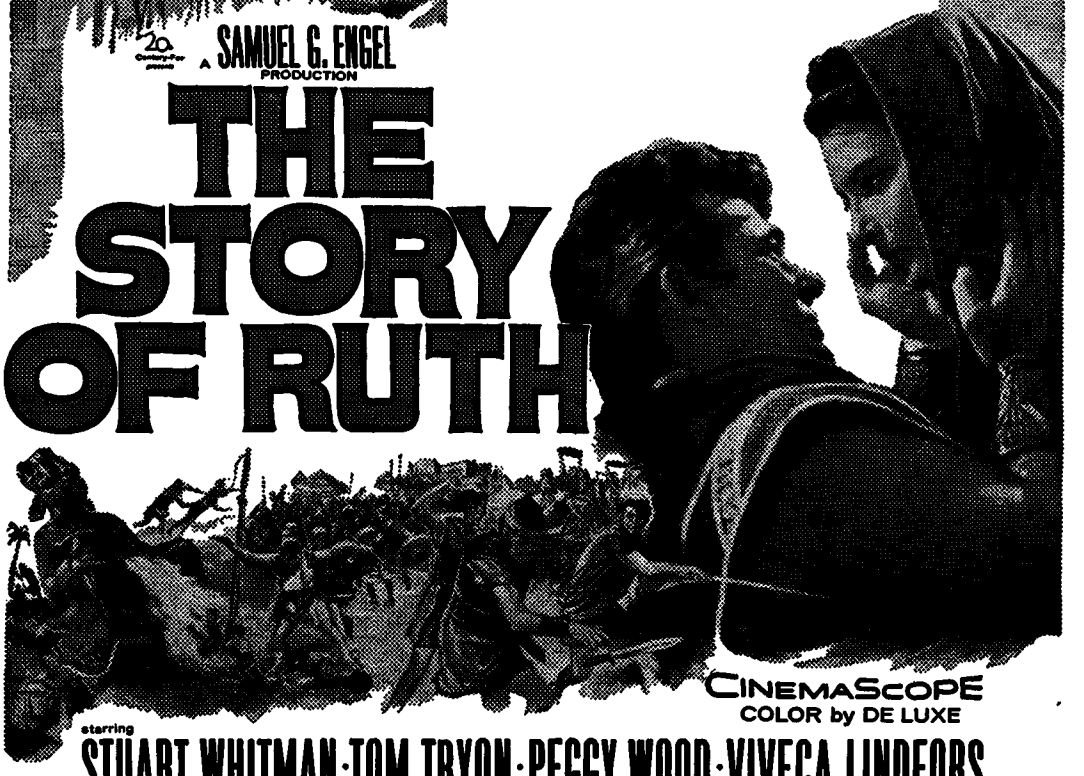

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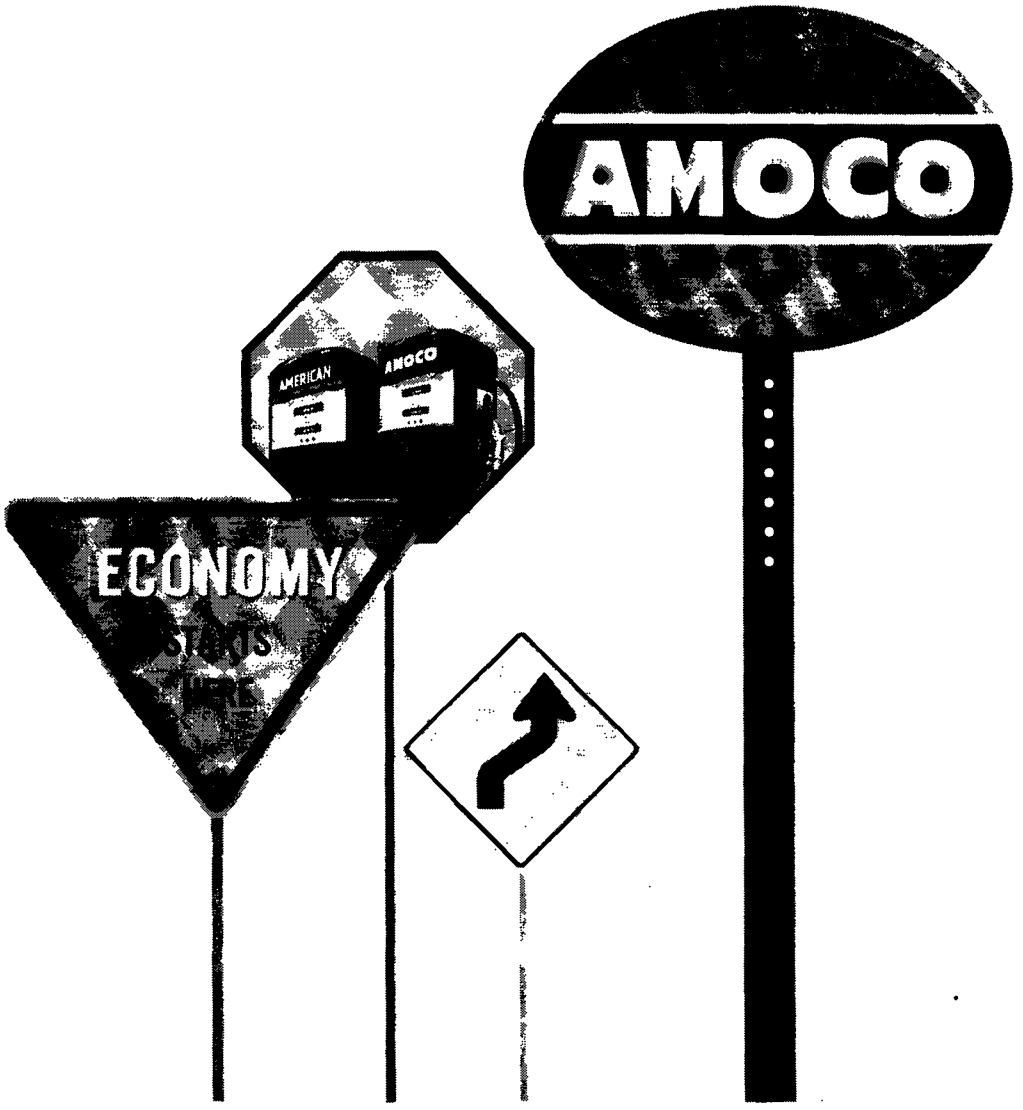

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